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THE ART COLLECTION  
OF  
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NEW YORK





CATALOGUE  
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ON

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AT THE AMERICAN ART GALLERIES

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AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION, MANAGERS

THOMAS E. KIRBY, AUCTIONEER

1889

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Sdd

WYLIE (ROBERT), . . . . .

Deceased

*Born in the Isle of Man, 1839. Died in Brittany, 1877. Brought to America when a child. Pupil of the Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia, the directors of which sent him in 1863 to study in France. Medal at Paris, 1872.*

No. 1

FIVE BRITTANY CHILDREN.

817

9 x 10½.

To Robert Wylie is due the discovery and development of Brittany as a mine of artistic material. He it was who first settled to study and paint at Pont Aven, where, now that he is dead, has sprung up one of the most extensive permanent art colonies in Europe. Brittany affords material for the painter of figures, of cattle, of landscape, and of the sea. Its picturesqueness is endless, and its variety of pictorial wealth inexhaustible. The people in particular, preserving as they do the manners and costumes of the past, and being but slightly modernized in spirit, furnish the artist with abundant material. It was among them that Wylie found the successes which made him famous.

The scene is the interior of some showman's booth at a rural fair. The five children, perfect types of French peasant life of the younger generation, are watching some absorbing show. One little girl is seated in rapt attention. A second has been disturbed by a teasing younger child, and turns to rebuke it. Behind are two boys, one standing, serious and thoughtful, with his whole interest engrossed in the performance. The individualities of the children are strongly and accurately defined, and the delineation of expression is an important detail. The coloring is rich and subdued.



LA TOUR (CLAUDE SEBASTIAN HUGARD DE), . Paris

*Born in Savoy, 1818. Landscape painter. Pupil of Diday. Medals, 1844, 1846.*

No. 2

EARLY SUMMER.

(EFFET D'ÉTÉ.)

15 x 12.

When the brow of June is crowned by the rose,  
And the air is fair and faint with her breath,  
Then the Earth hath rest from her long birth throes ;

The Earth hath rest and forgetteth her woes,  
As she watcheth the cradle of Love and Death,  
When the brow of June is crowned by the rose.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

The foliage is fresh with the vivid greens that have been unscorched by the sun, and the streamlet still holds the coolness of spring among its ripples. Some cattle give life to the landscape, and a village lends interest to the background. The delicate suggestion of this period of the year, whose beauties are so subtly defined and so difficult to render, is conveyed with a remarkably sympathetic and appreciative touch.

MICHETTI (FRANCESCO PAOLO), . . . Naples

*Born at Chieti, near Naples, 1852. Studied in Naples under Dalbono ; later in Paris. Medals at Rome, Turin, Florence, and Parma. Chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy.*

3 RV 2nd 17  
No. 3

CHILD IN THE WOODS.

(ENFANT DANS LES BOIS.)

5½ x 7.

A wood interior in the most verdurous season. The late afternoon sunlight plays amid the foliage of the birch trees, filling the forest with a warm, green, and luminous mistiness. A child, clad in blue, with a red cap, gives the interest of life to the picture.

624  
BIERSTADT (ALBERT), N. A.,

New York

*Born in Düsseldorf, 1830. Brought to America at an early age. In 1853 he returned to Düsseldorf and entered the Academy there; afterward studied in Rome, Switzerland, and Germany. Elected Member National Academy, 1860; Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.*

No. 4

1222  
MOUNT HOOD, OREGON.

4 w

13 x 19.

Thirty miles beyond the Columbia River, winding its reddening way into the sunset of the Pacific, the noble peak of the great mountain of the Cascade Range pierces the burning sky of evening.

Mount Hood measures over eleven thousand feet in height, and presents a magnificent spectacle viewed over the fertile valleys of the Columbia and the Willamette rivers. The range to which it belongs is of volcanic origin, and there are Indian legends that Mount Hood itself has been seen in eruption within the century. It is sufficiently quiescent now, however. The vapors of mountain brooks still wreathe about it in the cool air of dawn, but the fierce breath of subterranean fires is stilled. Mount Hood was one of the last peaks on the Western Continent to be explored by human feet. For many years its savage and dreary upper slopes defied human courage and endurance. Its secret was finally wrested from it, and quite recently some very interesting meteorological experiments were made by a United States surveying party that scaled its summit.

The date of Mr. Bierstadt's picture is 1868.

VERNIER (ÉMILE LOUIS), . . . . . Paris

*Born at Lons-le-Saulnier, France. Pupil of Collette. Medals, 1869, 1870.*

No. 5

## WASHERWOMEN OF BRITTANY.

(BLANCHISSEUSES BRETONNES.)

16 x 28.

Rugged land of the granite and oak,  
I depart with a sigh from thy shore,  
And with kinsman's affection a blessing invoke  
On the maids and the men of Arvôr.

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

The sea is a species of mother, albeit often a harsh and cruel one, to the Breton poor. From her they draw their sustenance, the finny harvest which constitutes their meagre earnings and provides them with scanty and rude fare, their fuel and often their clothing, which the storm sends ashore to them, as spoil of the wreck. While the men brave its perils off shore, the women forage along the strand, gathering seaweed and mussels, collecting the drift cast up by the waves, or among the pools left in the channelled rocks by the receding tide, beating out their coarse linens and cleansing their garments, which seem never too old or worn out to be unfit for use. It is a life of perpetual privation and limitless labor, which is fitly lived in the presence of the restless and melancholy sea, under a sky which swells with fitful showers and bursts in the sudden trumpeting of a capricious storm.

DIEFFENBACH (ANTON HEINRICH), . . . Berlin

*Born in Wiesbaden, 1831. Genre painter. Pupil in Düsseldorf of Jordan. Lived for some years in Paris.*

No. 6

*Paris*  
SHEARING THE PET.

(LA TONTE DU CANICHE.)

18 x 23.

47)

Hector is having his toilet made, while his more diminutive friend, Gogo, watches his comrade, perched upon the upturned tub, and resting passive under the master's shears, with uneasy surprise. And what a fine type is this master, an old soldier rusting his peaceful years away in the snug retirement of a porter's lodge, caging pet cats instead of capturing warlike prisoners, and cropping the coats of friendly poodles instead of the ears of a foreign foeman! The same strong hand that wrested the Cross of the Legion, shining on his shabby breast, from the fury of battle, touches with the firm gentleness of a kindly master the confiding pet that comes under his control for artistic embellishment. It is an admirable example of the old campaigner of the great Napoleonic era that the artist paints. Of such men neither dogs nor their little mistresses need cherish mistrust or fear. That honest face, bronzed in the cannon smoke and the blaze of burning gunpowder, indexes a brave and truthful heart, that has fairly won the peaceful corner, in which its master may puff his pipe and see, in the softly curling smoke of his glowing bowl, visions of the stormy past which has brought him its placid reward. In such episodes as this, war makes to the human race some extenuation of its heroic horrors and its dark despair.

The date of the picture is 1867.



BAUGNIET (CHARLES), . . . . Paris .

*Born in Brussels, 1814. Pupil of Paelinck and of Willems. First became known through lithography. Member of Ghent Academy in 1836. Appointed designer to the King of Belgium, 1841. Order of Leopold, 1843. Officer of the Same, 1872. Order of Isabel the Catholic of Spain. Order of Branche-Ernstein of Saxony. Order of Christ of Portugal.*

No. 7

CURIOSITY.

(LES INDISCRETES.)

26½ x 21.

Although the proverb assures us that the name of curiosity is woman, the trait is, it is but fair to assume, not confined entirely to the sex. Key-hole confidences are quite as dear to man. There is, however, a lack of dignity about a male listener which impels the painter naturally to woman when he desires to weave an allegory out of the act of eavesdropping. Woman is always graceful and charming, even in such contingencies as M. Baugniet represents. There is a dainty elegance about the fair being in blue and white, with her ear to the key-hole, and a lissom charm to her companion in pink and white, who is standing and listening to her report, that one would seek in vain in two members of the other sex engaged in the same surreptitious employment. We may imagine, from their expressions, moreover, that the subject of discussion on the other side of the closed door is of paramount interest to one of the twain. In such rich houses love and diplomacy go hand in hand, and it may be a marriage settlement, or a proposal from an ardent lover to a parent whose verdict is in doubt, that is screened by the jealous barrier.

MONTELANT (J. O. DE), . . . . . Rome

No. 8

VIEW OF NAPLES.

271

21 x 33.

Naples ! thou heart of men which ever pantest  
Naked, beneath the lidless eye of heaven !  
Elysian city, which to calm enchantest  
The mutinous air and sea !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

It is the Naples of Shelley, that M. de Montelant paints,—the Naples drowsing in the shadow of Vesuvius, lapping its lazy feet in the warm wavelets of the sapphire sea. There is no hint of the long troubles of its vicissitudinous history, of the savage romance of its existence of conquest and revolt, of tyranny and oppression, in this easygoing city, basking in the summer sun amid a nature that gives one a hint at the pleasures of Paradise. It has been said that Naples, like some handsome woman, has a talent for not showing her age. Yet it was in the shadow of Vesuvius that the Greeks set up their colony of Parthenope and that Virgil was buried. It was here that even after Rome conquered Greece, the Greek refinement and the Greek tongue continued to hold their own, and that, through all the black waste of the Gothic and Byzantine wars, a singularly spirited and independent people preserved their individuality and much of their independence. And even in these days of his degeneracy the Neapolitan is one of the distinct and notable types of Italy.

BOULANGER (GUSTAVE R. C.), . . Deceased

*Born in Paris, April 25, 1824. Pupil of Jollivet and of Paul Delaroche.  
Won the Prix de Rome in 1849. Medals, 1857, 1859, 1863, 1878.  
Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1865. Member of the Institute of  
France, 1882. Died, 1888.*

12w *Uy built and fine* No. 9 27

## THE ÉMIR—SCENE IN ALGIERS.

(C'EST L'ÉMIR.)

25½ x 18½.

Poor, vagrant scions of the Prophet's race,  
Who beg an alms with all a giver's grace.

FRANCOIS COPPÉE.

The only inheritance that the sons of Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed, have received by their descent from the prophet, is the title emir and the privilege of the green turban, which found such favor in the eyes of the prophet himself. But they, thanks to these facts, still encounter a certain honor entirely independent of the poverty into which most of the numerous progeny that have grown out of the prophet's grandchildren have fallen. Thus, an emir of prophetic descent can count on being greeted, even as a wandering mendicant, by an emir of the authoritative order on terms of equality. The word émir signifies, in effect, an independent chieftain, as well as a descendant of the prophet. In M. Boulanger's picture we see an émir by birth and an émir by the fact of his tribal authority meeting in an oasis in the

desert. In the person of the one we have an emblem of a deteriorated race, living upon the traditions of its origin. In the other is embodied the fiery and manly spirit of some family of warriors of the desert who owe their title to their prowess alone. The contrast is well made. The haughty young chieftain receives the humble descendant of the Commander of the Faithful with a certain degree of disdain. Still he extends to him, for the sake of the tradition he represents, the welcome of a peer, and the rude hospitality of his scanty commissariat.

The recent death of Boulanger was sudden and almost tragic. He was a man of large habit and a noble self-regard. One afternoon he stood at his easel, busy with the sketch of an Arab woman carrying a richly embroidered saddle. The next evening he and another painter went together to a friend's house to dinner. As they passed the house where Eugene Scribe lived, they spoke of the death of that distinguished dramatist. Scribe was riding in a carriage, and he died so suddenly that he could not lift his hand to the check cord, which communicated with the coachman.

"That man," said Boulanger, "had luck all through his life, but the thing I envy him the most was his way of leaving the world, without knowing that he was going."

The dinner party was a pleasant one, Boulanger in particular being full of anecdotes and souvenirs. When he left the table he began to hum a tune. His friends left him at the door of his house, where he also had his studio. A speaking-tube was within reach of his bed, placed there during an illness which he had two years ago. The janitor of the house heard a feeble call, and on placing his ear to this tube heard the artist, in tones so weak that he could hardly make them out, say: "Go for my doctor." When the physician came, he found Boulanger dead, still holding the end of the speaking-tube in his hand.

The picture is dated 1871.

GARRIDO (EDOUARDO LEON), . . . . Paris

*Born at Madrid, 1854. Pupil of V. Palmaroli.*

No. 10

A RAINY DAY, PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

(UN JOUR DE PLUIE, PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.)

15 x 18.

The place of peace to-day ! 'tis easy said,  
When every inch space of thy stones is red,  
When all the rain that gracious Heaven brings,  
Still cannot purge thee of the blood of kings !

ROBERT BROWNING.

In 1747 Louis XV. accorded to the good citizens of Paris permission to erect a statue to him, and they set it up in a square called the *Place Louis XV.* In 1792, when the Republic had been set up, the Assembly decreed the demolition of this monument, and had it replaced by a tawdry plaster figure, colored gaudily, of Liberty. The title of the square was changed to the *Place de la Revolution*, and the guillotine was set up on the spot where now stands the Obelisk of Luxor. The elaborately sculptured base of the Louis XV. statue, indeed, served also as the foundation for the scaffold on which Louis XVI. and so many others of royal and commoner blood perished. In 1799 the Reign of Terror being over, the title was changed to that of the *Place de la Concorde*, and since then the work of improvement has been carried on that renders it with its Obelisk, its fountains, statues, columns, and esplanade, the finest public square in Paris, if not, indeed, in the world. The *Place de la Concorde* has on one hand the palace and garden of the *Tuileries*, and on the other the long vista of the *Avenue des Champs Élysées*, terminating in the *Arc de Triomphe* in the *Place de L'Étoile*. In the other direction are the *Garde Meuble* and the *Madelaine*, seen through the *Rue Royale*, and the *Palace Legislatif*, beyond the Seine, and the *Pont de la Concorde*. Spacious, brilliant, and ever alive with the animation of a great city, it invites the painter's attention by a constant succession of changing pictures, in fair weather or foul.



317  
MICHETTI (FRANCESCO PAOLO), . . . . Naples

*Born at Chieti, near Naples, 1852. Studied in Naples under Dalbono ; later  
in Paris. Medals at Rome, Turin, Florence, and Parma.*

*Jan* No. 11 *75*

ITALIAN CHILDREN AT A FOUNTAIN.

(ENFANTS À LA FONTAINE.)

8 x 4½.

Children are drawing water at a crumbling well-side in the neglected garden of an ancient *palazzo*. The stone wall of the garden and the ground are dappled by the sunshine with flecks of gold.

Dated 1871.

WORMS (JULES), . . . . . Paris

*Born in Paris, 1832. Genre painter. Pupil of Lafosse. Medals: Paris, 1867, 1868, 1869, 1878 (Exposition Universelle). Legion of Honor, 1876.*

No. 12

UNCERTAIN WEATHER.

*Was - Sur -*  
(TEMPS INCERTAIN.)

15 x 18.

And woman's will—how says the ancient sage ?

So like the veering of the weather vane,

Created for man's pleasure and his pain,

And quite above his blandishments or rage

LORD BYRON.

The weather and women, says an old Spanish saw, share the same fickle temper. There is a double expression of perplexity on the face of the gentleman in the scarlet coat, with the white vest and gay breeches, who is putting up his hand to make sure by the moisture on it that the rain has begun to fall, that suggests his appreciation of this fact. The party have been breakfasting *al fresco*, in a suburban garden, near some Spanish city, at a period early in the century, as their dress betokens. The roof of the little hostelry is seen above the verdure of the garden crowned with its splendid weathercock. An old servant in livery opens an umbrella, while the two pretty girls, whom their elderly escort has been entertaining, shrink poutingly within their flimsy summer finery, with the pleasure of the day spoiled by the anticipation of the

drenching to come. It is probably in this moment that their escort experiences a menace as serious as that of the weather itself. It promises him, who is just at that age to appreciate a pretty girl's reproaches, endless reproaches for ruined ribbons and bedraggled furbelows. The types of the characters are Spanish, and of the better class. The action of the figures is spirited and the story is gayly told, with that pervading touch of natural humor, and that good-humored vitality, which the artist is noted for analyzing and presenting so skillfully.

DE NITTIS (JOSEPH), . . . Deceased

*Born at Barletta, Italy, 1846. Died at St. Germain, 1884. Studied under Gerome and Meissonier. Medals, Paris, 1876, 1878; Legion of Honor, 1878.*

ow  
Dent's No. 13  
CONFIDENCES. 321

CONFIDENCES.

13 x 9½.

It is a place for confidences, where the verdure whispers secrets to the caressing zephyr, and the stream babbles them to the rustling sedges. Upon this shaded bank, under the sky of radiant midsummer, one might well lie at ease and murmur of forbidden things, and tales that could be told to the safe ear of friendship alone. In this idyllic confessional, one of the artist's heroines, splendid as a huge butterfly in her robe of blue and vermilion, rich with sumptuous broideries, extends herself in the luxurious lassitude of unconstrained repose upon the perfumed greensward, fanning herself lazily as she babbles her confidence to her companion, who listens idly, propped upon her elbow, by her side. To the artist, "Confidences" has been the excuse for one of those daring and brilliant experiments in color by which he won, during his phenomenally successful career, such extended fame and favor. It is a triumph built upon the simplest foundations, that of the primary tints. The key-note is struck in the vivid red, yellow, and blue of the women's robes, upon which combination all the rest of the picture is a variation.

2  
The picture bears the date 1863.

GRISON (ADOLPHE), . . . . .

Paris

*Born at Bordeaux. Pupil of Lequieu.*

*Di 66*

No. 14

*67.7.5*

## THE WINE TESTERS.

(LES DÉGUSTATEURS.)

10 x 8.

The church and the military have in all times been excellent friends. In a snug corner of a monastery cellar, two examples of the comradeship of the rosary and the sword, a monk and a man-at-arms, are making sympathetic and leisurely investigations into the quality of the vintages that fill the convent casks. The wine tasters are characteristic and well-contrasted types. The soldier wears a somewhat critical expression, as is the privilege of a man of the world who holds his own opinion in respect, while the cellarer's face reflects the contentment of one who knows, and is therefore comfortably secure in the unimpeachable excellence of his wares. However their opinions may differ on the subject of the exact flavor of the wine, we may be assured that they will not quarrel over it. The quality of the fluid that brims the social glass is evidently too excellent to promote dissension or permit it.

The picture is dated 1881.

*9.1.11*



ALVAREZ (LUIS), . . . . . Rome

*Born in Spain. Genre painter. Pupil of Madrazo the elder.*

No. 15

## HIDE AND SEEK.

(CACHE-CACHE.)

14 X 22.

Then in and out and round about  
We turn and twist and glide,  
And ever in the merry rout  
We find a loved one's side.

LORD BYRON.

The game of hide and seek possesses a double utility. It is not only an excellent time killer, but an admirable means of protracting a light flirtation through the broken course of the game. The latter inducement is quite likely to have some weight with M. Alvarez's frolicsome players. They are certainly rather of the flirtatious than the purely playful age. They make, at any rate, an animated and colorful tableau, in the contemplation of which their sport may be shared without the fatigue of physical exertion its actual performance involves.

VILLEGAS (José), . . . . . Rome

*Born in Seville. Pupil of Fortuny. Medals at Seville, Rome, Naples,  
and Turin*

100  
55. 1850  
No. 16  
1850

## BULL-FIGHTERS AWAITING THEIR TURN.

(AVANT LA COURSE DE TAUREAUX.)

8½ x 6½.

In the *coulisse* of the bull-ring a bull-fighter in blue, with a gorgeous gold-embroidered cape and his crimson cloak draped over his arm, smokes his *cigarillo* and watches the progress of the events in the arena, in which he is to take a decisive part. At his feet is a *banderilla*. A plank fence, with a rude bench, separates him from the vaulted space under the auditorium of the amphitheatre. Leaning on the fence from their places behind it are another bull-fighter and two spectators, who, by their familiar attitudes and expressions, are evidently friends of the actors who have the proud license of an entry behind the scenes. The various Spanish types are closely studied, and the fixed attention and suppressed excitement of the watchers mirror to the imagination the unseen drama which is being enacted before them. Overhead the feet of the spectators are thundering on the planks of the amphitheatre. Behind them the bellowing of fresh victims for the people's holiday echoes through the gloomy vaults of the *cellarium*. Through the dust and heat of the arena the movement and the reek of battle come in fitful gusts. It is the moment of watchful repose that precedes the storm. In the twinkling of another eye, one may expect the picture to be empty, and the blue-jacket, mayhap, empurpled with gore.

The date is 1871.

ROSSI (LUCIUS), . . . . . Paris

*Born at Rome. Pupil of the Academy of Rome. Medals at Rome, Turin, and Naples.*

No. 17

MIDNIGHT AMUSEMENT IN THE OLDEN TIME  
—VENICE.

(GUET-APENS À VENISE.)

*Jo* *R*  
14½ x 11½.

42

There's a step on the Bridge of Sighs,  
The step of a cavalier;  
Some maiden trysts, and swift he hies  
To kiss and fondle a lovely prize.  
As he speeds, the moon shines clear.

There's a sound on the Bridge of Sighs,  
The sound of a struggle loud :  
A dagger gleams, a shadow flies,  
An inert form on the pavement lies.  
The moon goes behind a cloud.

FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

The moon is out, in Mediæval Venice, flooding the open tide with her white splendor and burying the obscure passages of the little canals in a gloom meet for tragedies. Among the shadows, what lurking shapes may crouch, clutching the ready steel, the moment of action only can reveal. There is a rasping on the balcony overhead, the clatter of the rope-ladder, lowered to carry a secret wooer from the trysting place, a figure on the cord, and then, in a moment, swift clashing of steel, fierce oaths, and the tumult of a death struggle, punctuated with a woman's shrieks and cries of agony. And still Venice dozes or frolics on upon its ways of pleasure and of intrigue, unconcerned. To her such midnight brawls are all too common to send a thrill to her blood or an extra pulsation to her heart.

The date of the picture is 1870.

AGRASSOT (JOAQUIN), . . . . . Rome

*Born at Orihuela, Spain. Genre Painter. Pupil of the Academy San Carlos of Valencia, and of Martinez.*

No. 18

5W  
FORTUNY'S STUDIO.

(L'ATELIER DE FORTUNY.)

16 X 11.

675  
Joni

It is a corner of the famous Roman atelier in which the great Spanish painter heaped up the artistic prizes of his mania for curiosity collecting. There is a trophy of arms and bric-à-brac on an antique stand, a gorgeous rug, on which some sketches are scattered, porcelains and metal work, carvings in wood and stone and ivory; part of the gathering, in short, which has given the studio of Fortuny an immortal place in the reminiscences of art, and which two ladies are examining with properly curious interest. This souvenir of his great colleague's atelier was painted in 1871, when the talented young painter formed one of the noteworthy Spanish colony engaged in the practice of art in Rome.

Mr. Stephen J. Ferris, who was himself a pupil of Fortuny, writes of this interesting work: "I am told by one who saw it in Fortuny's studio that Fortuny worked on it until it was recognized as his work. It caused quite a controversy in Rome until Fortuny explained. He was so obliging to young artists as to sometimes paint for hours on their pictures, which was, probably, the case in this instance."

Agrassot was a close friend of Fortuny, and his portrait appears in the great Spaniard's picture, "LE FAUST DE GOUNOD," in which the composer is represented playing on the piano his great score, with phantasms of *Faust* and *Marguerite*, and of *Mephistopheles* and *Martha* in the air.

PORTAELS (JEAN FRANÇOIS), . . . Brussels

*Born in Vilvord, near Brussels, 1818. Pupil of Navez, and in Paris of Dela-  
roche. Won the Prix de Rome, 1841. Travelled through Europe and the  
East. Since 1878, Director Brussels Academy. Order of Leopold, 1851.  
Medal, Paris, 1855.*

40  
No. 19

*no. 19*  
BOHEMIAN CABIN.

(INTERIEUR BOHEMIEN.)

10 X 14.

It is the fireside of a vagabond race but one remove from the nomads of the Steppes. To such as these, home is a name unknown. Their substitute for it is a simple shelter from the elements, where man and beast may huddle together, and the scanty pot be kept warm over the scanty fire. The gypsy traits of the race leave no room in it for the enervating comforts of civilization or the immaterial pleasures of a high state of existence. Their wants are those of nature alone. A rude meal, a sleep upon the floor of beaten earth, a handful of fire-brands for warmth's sake when the wind is chill—this is the beginning and the end of the Bohemian's mundane desires, and the supreme ambition of his picturesque and purposeless existence of vagrant worthlessness and reckless inutility.

CERVI (C.),

Rome

*Pupil of Louis Alvarez.*

No. 20

THE DISPUTED PICTURE.

(EN QUÊTE DU NOM DE L'ARTISTE.)

20 X 17.

It is manifestly a very serious matter to decide whether this master-piece is, in effect, a real master-piece, or but a base deception unworthy of consideration or tolerance as part of a collection. There has been a dispute upon this point between these two veteran experts, by which the younger man has evidently been more diverted than edified. Now that the debate has reached a deadlock, one contestant seeks authorities in his books of reference, while the other studies the bone of contention lovingly set up on a carved chest before him, and still expatiates upon its undoubted genuineness. It is a Descent from the Cross—well, how many such have been painted! But the frame is an antique! That may be, but—and the fluttering of leaves goes on, conflicting authorities are read and re-read, and the difference of opinion remains as far from adjustment as ever. It is in such comedies as this that your true collector's life runs its course, disturbed by its tempests in a tea-pot, now and then, only to settle into triumphant calm upon the acquisition of some prize whose quality is quite beyond dispute.

The picture is dated 1871.



VERNET (ÉMILE JEAN HORACE), . . . Deceased

*Born in the Louvre, Paris, June 30, 1789. Died in Paris, Jan. 17, 1863.*

*Son of Carle Vernet and grandson of Joseph Vernet. Pupil of his father and of Vincent, and commenced an independent career as a painter in 1809. First-class medal, 1812. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1814. Officer, 1825, and Commander of the Order in 1842. Member of the Institute, 1826. Director of the French Academy at Rome, 1828. French Representative at the Roman Court, 1830. Grand Medal of Honor, 1855.*

No. 21

SOCIALISM AND CHOLERA.

18 x 14½.

When the revolution of 1848 found Horace Vernet in the fullness of his popularity and his fame as the great battle painter of France, the pride of the army and the pet of the king, it dealt him a serious blow, and one from which his spirit never fully recovered. He still continued at his labors, but the sun of his destiny had entered upon its decline, and a newer state of things paved the way for newer men. The revolution resulted in the abdication of Louis Philippe in February, 1848, and the proclamation of a Republic. Four months later came the Red Republican insurrection, which the provisional government put down only at the cost of much bloodshed. Then came the Asiatic Cholera and Louis Napoleon to put an end to the Republic in its turn. Vernet lived to paint some of the glories of the successor of his royal patron, and he painted all his detestation and scorn of the socialistic creed which helped to depose Louis Philippe and to place Napoleon III. on the throne, in his picture of "Socialism and Cholera."

It is a scene of horror, under a sky of dread. Upon the guillotine a victim is bound to the fatal plank. Perched upon him as on a throne, Death and the Plague hold rule over a great field of carnage. Corpses are everywhere in heaps and winrows, losing themselves in the horror-haunted gloom. The guillotine itself is built upon them. They are the fruits of socialism; they typify socialism itself, which, as the artist holds, can only end in destruction, carnage, annihilation, and a restoration of the old and natural social order.

But greater than socialism, which can only destroy itself, is the pestilence which can destroy the destroyer—the pestilence which has come with its twin brother out of the Orient, and laid its poisoned clutch upon the West. Vernet paints the Cholera as a gaunt and cadaverous simulacrum of humanity, out of whose face, leaden with the livid pallor of infectious death, burn two eyes like, lights deep set in caves. This creature is clad in yellow satin of oriental web and cut. It plays a pæan of destruction upon a flute formed of a human thigh-bone, and a terrific scourge hangs at its girdle. And, as it pipes its notes of menace and of triumph forth, its comrade, Death, squats on the monument to death beside it, and reads a journal of the day in which the ravages of revolution and the ravages of the plague are recorded side by side.

The sentiment of this terrific allegory is expressed with a magnificent strength of execution, a caustic fearlessness of satire, and a fervid, however grim, poetic feeling. The date is 1850.

It was, therefore, a creation as well as an inspiration of the time to which it applied.

RICO (MARTIN),

Paris and Venice

*Born at Madrid. Pupil of Madrazo the elder; later studied in Paris and Rome. Medals, Paris (Exposition Universelle), 1878. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1878. Order of Charles III. of Spain.*

No. 22

THE SEINE NEAR POISSY.

(LA SEINE PRÈS DE POISSY.)

15 x 26½.

"Fair is the Seine at Poissy,  
With its islets crowned by trees,  
Fringed by spires of lofty poplars  
Trembling in the summer breeze."

BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

Poissy, the birth-place of that pious king who won the surname of Saint Louis when he left his body on the African sands a prey to the pestilence that put an end to the crusade he headed six centuries ago, is to-day a place of memories and of pictures only. For the latter, it is much sought out by the artists who make their camp in the forest of Fontainebleau. A portion of the river bank at Poissy is given over to the washerwomen, whose wash-houses line the shore, and whose washing-floats dot the water, and what with the natural beauties of the scene and the quaint variations afforded by its artificial adjuncts, it offers to the seeker after the picturesque a series of subjects admirably calculated to command his attention, to awaken his admiration, and arouse his industry with pencil or pen.

HERMANN-LÉON (CHARLES), . . . Paris

*Born at Havre, 1838. Genre painter. Pupil of Philippe Rousseau and of Fromentin. Medals, 1873, 1879.*

No. 23

430

COUNTRY AND CITY RATS—LAFONTAINE'S  
FABLE.

("LE RAT DE VILLE ET LE RAT DES CHAMPS.")

25 x 19½.

Among the immortal fables of the ingenious master Jean de Lafontaine, that of the country and the city rats is one of the best told. It is a sly and shrewd satire upon worldly ambition and its perils, and upon the intangibility of worldly glory. The city rat boasts to his simple country cousin of the luxury and splendor of the life he leads, and the country rat, becoming envious, undertakes to forsake his safe and humbly comfortable rural retreat to share in the magnificence that he describes. But the city rat, in dilating upon the advantages of a metropolitan existence, has failed to apprise his unsophisticated friend of its drawbacks, of the ferocious cat with its deadly jaws, of traps set to mangle and maim, and the perils of a servant's cudgel or a chambermaid's broom. When the country rat comes to put the matter to a test, under the guidance of his experienced friend, he discovers these things for himself, and wisely abandons pomp and luxury to be gained at such price for the simpler and safer pleasure of the life his worldly congener scorns.

*Born at Busseto, Italy. Pupil of Ciceri. Medals, Paris, 1859, 1863, 1864. Grand Medal of Honor (Exposition Universelle), 1878. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1868. Officer of the Same, 1878. Medal at Vienna Exposition, 1873. Knight of the Order of Saints Maurice and Lazarus. Officer of the Orders of Turkey and Persia. Honorary Professor of the Academies of Parma and Turin.*

1800  
 No. 24

1700  
 THE SULTAN'S ESCORT.

(L'ESCORTE DU SULTAN.)

22 x 18½.

" But yester-eve, so motionless around,  
 So mute was this vast plain, that not a sound  
 But the far torrent, or the locust bird  
 Hunting among the thickets could be heard :—  
 Yet, hark ! what discords now, of every kind,  
 Shouts, laughs and screams are revelling in the wind.  
 The neigh of cavalry, the tinkling throngs  
 Of laden camels, and their drivers' songs—  
 Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze  
 Of streamers from ten thousand canopies ;—  
 War music, bursting out from time to time,  
 With gong and tymbalons' tremendous chime."

THOMAS MOORE.

The cavalcade comes winding down through a pass in the hills whose bare and sun-scorched summits cut the hot sky in jagged undulations. The spearsmen ride in front, keeping a wary lookout against possible surprise. Their leader grasps his pistol in readiness for any sudden emergency, and his guardsmen are on the alert. With the way thus made secure, the body of the escort follows, surrounding and defending the rear of the splendid palanquin in which the pampered potentate lolls at his ease. All nature blazes with sunshine and heat, and the rich verdure of the palm grove, set like a jewel in the harsh wilderness, vies with the sumptuousness of the gayly caparisoned procession and the gorgeous conveyance it protects in enhancing the oriental splendor of the scene.



*Born in Denmark. Pupil of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts. Removed to Rome, where he spent several years, after which he was called back to Denmark and appointed Professor of the Royal Academy.*

No. 25

## ARTISTS' AMUSEMENTS DURING CARNIVAL, ROME.

(SOUPER D'ARTISTES PENDANT LE CARNAVAL.)

22½ x 31.

"Who can forget thy Carnival, Rome, thy Carnival flashing  
Joy and life through thy solemn streets? Ah, season when Pleasure  
Day after day its kaleidoscope turned of bright robes and bright faces;  
Every one free as the wind, by fashion's conventions untrammelled.  
All borne away by the moment, and chasing the butterfly Pleasure  
Till the stars faded and set in the cold gray light of the morning."

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

Even the Romans themselves do no madder honor to the annual carnival season than the strangers who form the famous Art Colony in the Eternal City. The artists' carnival has been made immortal in song and story. Those who participate in it always continue to invest it with an individual picturesqueness of costume and characterization, and they surrender themselves to its license with all the wild enthusiasm of the artistic nature. Mr. Cranch, himself an artist as well as a poet, indicates with a deft touch the amazing revel of joyous animal spirits which his student days made him familiar with, and which lends to the Roman festival one of its most interesting and distinctly characteristic features.

It is evening of Carnival Day. In one of the studios the effervescent gathering of genius has assembled to do honor to a feast. The wreck of a banquet strews the table. Bottles whose mellow contents have aided the light course of pleasure on its tripping path litter the floor. It is a strange



medley of costumes and of types. An Indian fiddles lustily ; a herald blows discordant notes from a horn into the ears of a sailor ; cavaliers and damsels in the garb of contrasting epochs gossip and flirt and cast the notes of broken song into the general uproar. All is life, gayety, the confusion of untrammelled and unbridled good-humor, born of the maxim that is as old as paganism and as eternal as Christianity and civilization—"dum vivimus vivamus"—while we live let us live, for to-morrow may hear our requiem sung.

The date of the picture is 1872.

SAINTIN (JULES ÉMILE), . . . . Paris

*Born in Lemé, France, 1829. Genre painter. Pupil of Drölling, Picot, and Leboucher. Lived for several years in the United States. Medals, Paris, 1866, 1870; Munich, 1883. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1877.*

No. 26

THE TWO ORACLES.

(LES DEUX AUGURES.)

29 x 19.

There can be no question as to which of the oracles that this buxom abigail consults will be obeyed.

Between the advice of an insensate image and a living heart, the latter may be relied upon to claim the victory. Perhaps the comely soubrette, who has halted in the progress of her daily duty to address the question that is uppermost in her mind to this grotesque example of the art of Cathay, has an artful purpose behind her deference to it. It may, in her opinion, be quite as well to have the support of one authority for the decisions of another, and if the wish is parent to the thought, and one oracle is agreeable enough to nod an affirmative to the lightest touch, the verdict of the other can readily be interpreted to suit the circumstances. The artist has touched his satire in with a light hand. He has also made a pleasant picture of modest materials. The girl, in her gray house uniform trimmed with black and her chambermaid's cap, nods merrily in concert with the toy she interrogates. The accessories, like the animate and inanimate actors in the scene, are rendered with an unostentatious, but none the less faithful and capable hand.

The date of the picture is 1878.

BEAUMONT (CHARLES EDOUARD DE), . Deceased

*Born at Lannion, France, 1821. Genre painter. Pupil of Boisselier.  
Medals, 1870 and 1873. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1877.*

No. 27

1257 THE TEMPTATION OF SAINT ANTHONY. 1257

(LA TENTATION DE SAINT ANTOINE.)

23½ x 37.

Possessing the value of a religious allegory, and presenting as well unlimited possibilities for the exercise of a fantastic imagination, it is no wonder that the story of St. Anthony's ordeal of faith has been a favorite subject with painters since painting began to be a part of the progress of civilization. The story has been depicted in every possible phase, from the wonderful diabolism of Callot's great etching down to the gross pruriencies of the modern realists, seeking an excuse for a coarse sensation in an appeal to the vicious with a perversion of a pure theme. To M. de Beaumont, an artist with a singularly acute invention and clear mind, the "Temptation" has provided the inspiration for one of his most striking works.

The tempted saint is on his knees at the rude altar of his penitential cavern, his head buried in his arms and his hands clutched in prayer. Carnal temptation besets him in the shape of a radiantly beautiful woman, whose nude form, radiating a brilliant and unearthly illumination, hovers over the altar she seeks to stain. He is surrounded by gibbering and tormenting demons, in fantastically hideous forms, in which one finds the animal, the reptile and the human characteristics grotesquely combined.

Through the opening of the cavern, whose vaulted roof and stony walls lose themselves in a vague somberness peopled with malignant shadows, a few rays of daylight steal in, only to lose themselves amid the gloom. The picture is lighted from the gleaming form of the demoniacal enchantress, a weird and supernatural light full of the livid glow of diabolic fires. There is no date.

GOUBIE (JEAN RICHARD), . . . . . Paris

*Born in Paris, 1842. Genre and animal painter. Pupil of Gérôme.  
Medal, Paris, 1874.*

*Un grand Stags - Bred. Stags*  
No. 28

## THE HONORS OF THE FOOT.

(LES HONNEURS DU PIED.)

3070

29 x 42½.

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky  
Proclaim it a hunting morning."  
OLD SONG.

The spoils of victory fall to the conqueror. The decree, moreover, is just, according to human law. In the huntsman's case, his reward is the quarry, and the rules of the chase have attached to it several curious and interesting practices. One, well known to fox hunters and those who are familiar with descriptions of the sport, is the honors of the brush, which are extended to the lady who rides in first at the death. This custom is duplicated in stag hunting by the honors of the foot, a custom which is, moreover, observed in all countries where the chase is pursued as a sport.

In this case, the scene is in France. The hunt has ended in an abandoned quarry, late in the afternoon. The dogs have been whipped off and are gathered about the fallen stag on the left, while the horns of the *éclaireurs* behind them proclaim the victory. The sportsmen who have been in at the death are halted from the extreme right to the centre of the composition, motionless in their saddles, while the chief piqueur presents to a lady the trophy that falls to her as having been at the head of the hunt when the death stroke was given. The landscape is bare and lifeless. The sky is cold, with clouds heavy with chill showers, across a rift in which the late sun sends a gleam of light without warmth in it.

The date of the picture is 1872.

BEARD (WILLIAM H.), N. A., . . . New York

*Born in Buffalo, 1814. Elected National Academician, 1871.*

5476  
No. 29

VIEW IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

35½ x 28½.

"Coward,—of heroic size,  
In whose lazy muscle lies  
Strength we fear and yet despise;  
Savage—whose relentless tusks  
Are content with acorn husks ;  
Robber,—whose exploits ne'er soared  
O'er the bee's or squirrel's hoard.  
Here, in solitude and shade,  
Shambling, shuffling plantigrade,  
Be thy courses undismayed.  
Eat and drink and have thy fill,  
Yet remain an outlaw still ! "

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

Bruin, foraging for his morning-meal, is prowling up a savage glen, picking his clumsy way along the tumbling course of a mountain brook. The forest exhibits the wild traits of primeval nature in all their unrestrained picturesqueness, the last of the great wilderness that remains to New England. Nature's strength and decay are seen side by side in vivid contrast. Towering stems reach to the arch of verdure which they support, and fallen trees entangle with the thickets. In the fastnesses of the forest reigns a mysterious gloom, full of the vague movement of leaves and boughs. Through an opening in the forest as the glen rises the sunlight forces its way in sparse shafts. Amid such surroundings Bruin should find abundant prey, safe from the armed intrusion of the hunter, whose feet have probably not yet profaned these wilds, into which the intrepidity of the artist has preceded him.

The date is 1863.

BERTRAND (JAMES), . . . Deceased

*Born at Lyons, 1825. Pupil of Périn and of Orsel. Later studied in Rome.  
Medals, Paris, 1861, 1863, 1869. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor,  
1876. Medal 1878 (Exposition Universelle).*

No. 30

SERENADE IN ROME.

(SÉRÉNADE À ROME.)

24 x 45.

|  |                         |
|--|-------------------------|
| " With passion replete,                      | A silvery voice.        |
| Yet tender and sweet,                        | Will some maid rejoice, |
| Some soft serenade                           | Who whispers, ' My love |
| Swells out from the shade,                   | Climb quickly above,'   |
| While o'er the lagoon shines the opal moon." |                         |

FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

The Roman night has fallen close and dark with the star-bespangled blackness of a moonless summer time. The mystery of the indefinite hours is upon the Roman ruins and among the Roman highways. It is an hour of silence, of idleness and repose. But the lover, who is never idle in the cause he loves, picks at his mandolin under his sweetheart's window, and, we may assume, chants her praises to no unwilling ears, for her lattice is up and the light of her lamp gleams behind the jealously bowed blind, and the steps that lead up to her doorway are a silent invitation to feet that have travelled them before. At the feet of the ardent wooer, as if to offer to his subdued



excitement and interest the contrast of stolidity and animal content, a herdsman of the campagna is stretched in the road, with his dog on the watch beside him. Along the wall of some palace garden that closes the road in, a couple of guitarists touch their instruments in gentle accompaniment to the singer's voice, while several idlers listen, absorbed in the romance of the moment and held spellbound by its melody. The deserted street loses itself in shadows. In the old palace garden the nightingale is hushed. The hour belongs to lovers and to love, and the field is all their own.

The picture is dated 1868, in which year the artist was in Rome finding his best inspiration amid its picturesque present and its romantic past.

JACOMIN (ALFRED LOUIS),

Paris

*Born in Paris, 1843. Medal, 1876.*

No. 31

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

39 x 32.

"*Faust*: Reluctantly must I at length

Speak the spell of greatest strength.

"*Mephistopheles* [coming forward]: Why all this uproar?

Is there anything

In my poor power to serve you?

Most learned master,

Your humble servant."

GOETHE.

The temptation of *Faust*, as Jacomin paints it, has a peculiar interest in being a close delineation of the scene of that great allegory as Gounod placed it on the stage in Paris, in operatic form, in 1869, at the Grand Opera House. At that time the great baritone Faure impersonated the demoniac spirit of the opera with remarkable spirit and success. M. Jacomin has made a close study of this famous singer in his principal figure. Mephistopheles, in the conventional costume of flame color and black, stands in argument with the gray scholar who has summoned him to be his familiar. Faust is seated attired in his doctor's robes. The scene, crowded with books and philosophical and chemical implements, displays the picturesqueness and eccentricity of a philosopher's study. The Faust, like the Mephistopheles, is a portrait of the singer who impersonated the part, and the scene, while closely following the setting of the stage, is yet without any suggestion of the artificiality of arrangement that characterizes theatrical tableaux.

The date of the picture is 1869.

RICHTER (ÉDOUARD),

Paris

*Born in Paris. Pupil of Hébert and Bonnat.*

No. 32

## THE GALLERY OF THE LOUVRE.

(LA GALÉRIE DU LOUVRE.)

39 x 32—1862.

The Louvre, a palace of kings converted into a palace of art, dates its origin back into the remoter past of French history. The name appears in the chronicles for the first time in 1204, when Philip Augustus completely reconstructed on its present site a still more ancient edifice in order to make of it a royal residence. Francis I. was, however, the founder of the Louvre as we know it. Successive monarchs added to it, until under Napoleon III. the ancient Louvre became part of an enormous irregular quadrangle of palaces, the other extremity of which was formed by the Tuileries, which was commenced by Catherine de Medici in 1564. With the Seine on one hand, the splendid Rue de Rivoli on the other, and facing over its gardens upon the *Place du Louvre*, the palace remains to-day one of the most beautifully placed and charmingly surrounded public buildings of Paris. The Louvre as an art museum owes its origin to the French Revolution. It was by a decree of the Convention of 1793 that the collections of the various royal palaces of Paris were gathered in the Louvre, and with the additions that have since been made to them, they constitute the greatest art collection in the world. The picture shows the entrance from one of the galleries to another, with the uniformed guardian at the door, and a couple of female visitors inspecting the pictures. Outside the wide and lofty windows are seen the trees of the palace garden, or more properly speaking, park.

The picture is dated 1869.

HEULLANT (FELIX ARMAND), . . . Paris

*Born in Paris, 1834. Genre Painter. Pupil of Picot, of Giraud, and of Cabanel.*

No. 33

ARCADIA.

("ARCADIE.")

21 x 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

"Beside the stream and in the alder shade,  
Love sat with us one dreamy afternoon,  
When nightingales and roses made up June,  
And saw the red light and the amber fade  
Under the canopy the willows made,  
And watched the rising of the hollow moon,  
And listened to the waters' gentle tune,  
And was as silent as she was, sweet maid,  
Beside the stream."

EDMUND GOSSE.

In Arcadia it is always summer, and summer sings the cradle song of love. It is the ideal period of the year as Arcady is the ideal spot of all the wide, wide world. The pellucid river mirrors a sky of opal and of pearl. The alders on its marge send their reflections down into the rippleless flood without a shiver. The grasses faint with the scent of the flowers, and the breeze of balm lulls to dreams of more than mortal beauty that enhance rather than disturb repose. There is nothing real about "Arcadia," more's the pity, but its poetic and its pictured semblance. Since we cannot grasp the reality we may wisely accept the counterfeit, and be content that it, at least, is ours.

No. 34

ARCADIA.

("ARCADIE.")

(COMPANION TO NO. 33.)

" With pipe and flute the rustic Pan  
Of old made music sweet for man ;  
And wonder hushed the warbling bird,  
And closer drew the calm-eyed herd,—  
The rolling river slower ran.

" Ah ! would, ah ! would, a little span,  
Some air of Arcady could fan  
This age of ours, too seldom stirred  
With pipe and flute."

AUSTIN DOBSON.

The poets and the painters have made of the Arcadia of the Peloponnesus an earthly Paradise which their imagination has exhausted itself to glorify. It is with them the sublimation of all mundane nature, the perfection of pastoral days, in one long dream of poetic idleness and idyllic ease. They have endowed it with an atmosphere of its own where storms never darken, and blasts never chill; a climate of its own where rude winds never blow, and made it, in short, a country in which nature to be seen is to be worshipped in the persons of her tutelary deities, Pan and Diana. It is typically the land of peace, innocence and patriarchal manners, and whether it is presented to us with the pen of the poet or the brush of the artist, can never lose its gentle and soothing charm.

*Born in Düsseldorf, 1830. Brought to America at an early age. In 1853 he returned to Düsseldorf, and entered the Academy there; afterward he studied in Rome, Switzerland, and Germany. Elected a Member of the National Academy, 1860, and later was decorated Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, France. In 1867 he was sent to Europe upon a Government commission, to make studies for a painting of the "Discovery of the North River by Hendrik Hudson." Several of his paintings are owned by the United States Government.*

11-10  
No. 35

*Un Lect*  
SUNSET IN THE YOSEMITE.

36 x 52.

" Environed by a mountain wall,  
So fierce, so terrible, and tall,  
It never yet had been defiled  
By track or trail, save by the wild,  
Free children of the wildest wood;  
Where stars and tempests have a home  
And clouds are curled in mad unrest,  
And whirled and swirled by crag and crest."

JOAQUIN MILLER.

In the golden and crimson splendor of the departing day the great valley is sinking to rest under a coverlet of cloud. The incredible magnificence of the western sunset bathes the towering cliffs and the stream that winds its way between them in a glory of color that only the most daring pencil may essay to reproduce. It is as if the auriferous treasures of the earth were fused into the sky in one superb triumph of pigmentary perfection. The forest, darkening with the shades of evening into mysterious and solemn somberness, catches here and there a glint of the last rays of the sinking luminary. The waterfalls, tumbling in spray from the dizzy heights, flash with its level beams like cataracts of jewels, and it turns the ripples of the river into ropes of gold, that will presently lose themselves in the vapors of evening that have drifted in from the distant sea.

The picture was painted in 1868.



SIMONETTI (ATTILIO CAVALIERE), . . . Naples

*Born in Rome. Genre painter. Pupil of Fortuny. Professor in Naples.*

No. 36

THE LISTENER.

(LA CURIEUSE.)

PEN-DRAWING.

12 x 8½.

A pen sketch for a picture of a graceful and pretty young woman who is listening at a door in a rich interior. Drawn freely and boldly, but with much delicate suggestiveness and spirit, and a great deal of expression.

Is dated 1871.

SIMONETTI (ATTILIO CAVALIERE), . . . Naples

*Born in Rome. Genre Painter. Pupil of Fortuny. Professor in Naples.*

No. 37

THE LETTER.

("LA LETTRE.")

PEN-DRAWING.

12 x 8½.

In the snug corner of a richly stocked library, a gentleman in the costume of the latter portion of the last century, with cocked hat and embroidered coat, is perusing a letter. He has a cane under his arm, and his attitude is one of interested attention. Behind him is a carved table. This is a spirited and careful pen-drawing of one of the artist's best-known single-figure pictures.

Is dated 1871.

ROSSI (LUCIUS), . . . . . Paris

*Born in Rome. Pupil of the Academy of Rome. Medals at Rome, Turin,  
and Naples.*

No. 38

3 )

50 AN ARAB TAMBOURINIST.

11½ x 7.

A pen-drawing, closely studied from nature, of an Arab squatting against a wall beating on a tambourine. His figure suggests a rhythmic movement in time to his playing, and his eyes are directed forward, as if watching the dancers for whom he beats time.

The drawing is dated 1871, and is a fragmentary study for a well-known picture by the artist.

ROSSI (LUCIUS), . . . . . Paris

No. 39

FRENCH CAVALIER—TIME OF HENRY III.

11½ x 6.

A pen-drawing of a richly costumed cavalier of the era of Henry III. of France. The figure is spirited and life-like, standing in a proud attitude as if of expectancy. It is a drawing from a picture by the artist, and is dated 1871.

MEISSONIER (JEAN LOUIS ERNEST), . . . Paris

*Born at Lyons. Pupil in Paris of Léon Cogniet. Medals, Paris 1840, 1841, 1843, 1848; Grand Medal of Honor, 1855 (Exposition Universelle). Grand Medal of Honor (Exposition Universelle), 1867. Grand Medal of Honor (Exposition Universelle), 1878. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1846. Officer of the Same, 1856. Commander of the Same, 1867. Grand Officer of the Same, 1878. Member of the Institute of France, 1861. Honorary Member Royal Academy, London. The paintings by this artist have commanded higher prices than those of any living painter. His famous picture entitled "1807," in the Stewart Collection, was sold for \$66,000, its purchaser afterward presenting it to the Metropolitan Museum.*

8w  
No. 40

ANCIENT ARMOR.

9½ x 6.

An exquisitely accurate study in black and white of a trophy of armor. The minute attention given by the artist to detail, and his almost photographic closeness of observation and fidelity of repetition are admirably illustrated in it. Not a single feature of the original is neglected, and no minutest point of the effect of light upon the metal left in doubt.

## BONHEUR (MARIE ROSA),

Paris

*Born at Bordeaux, March 22, 1822. Pupil of her father, Raymond B. Bonheur. Began by copying in the Louvre; afterward made studies and sketches near Paris. Her first two pictures, exhibited at Bordeaux, 1841, attracted much attention, and were followed by others which established her world-wide fame. During the Franco-Prussian War, her studio and residence were respected by special order of the Crown Prince of Prussia. Since 1849 she has been director of the Paris Free School of Design for Young Girls, which she founded. Elected member of Antwerp Institute in 1868. Medals, 1845, 1848, 1865, 1867 (Exposition Universelle). Cross of the Legion of Honor, 1865. Cross of the Order of Leopold, 1880. Commander's Cross of the Royal Order of Isabella the Catholic, 1880. Conceded to be the greatest female painter the world has produced. Her celebrated "Horse Fair," in the Stewart Collection, was sold for \$53,000, and now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum.*

No. 41

## READY FOR THE MARKET.

(CHEVAUX À VENDRE.)

11 x 18.

A black crayon drawing of half a dozen stout Normandy horses, which have been gathered in from the fields for the horse market. Their tails are clubbed, and they have the sleek semblance of beasts well fed for sale. On one of them is a saddle, but the rider who has charge of the string is evidently bibbing in the wine-shop whose palm-branch shows from the



angle of the house beyond the tree to which his charges are haltered. While he makes friends over his cups, the horses make acquaintances out of doors, and prick their ears at the whinny of some brother of their race that greets them from his stall. The drawing is full of spirit, and the character of the animals in their various subtleties of individuality is admirably realized.

It is dated 1869.

DECAMPS (ALEXANDRE-GABRIEL), . . . Deceased

*Born in Paris, 1803. Pupil of Abel de Pujol. Medals, Paris, 1831-1834.  
Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1839. Officer of the Same, 1851.  
Died, 1860.*

net  
No. 42

125

HOUND.

$8\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ .

A study from life of a sitting hound, one of a species of dogs the artist was especially fond of studying, in consequence of his personal love of the chase, which resulted in his breaking his neck by a fall from his horse while hunting in the Forest of Fontainebleau.

The drawing is executed in sepia.

BERNE-BELLECOUR (ÉTIENNE PROSPER), Paris

*Born at Boulogne-sur-Mer. Pupil of Picot and of F. Barrias. Medals, Paris, 1869, 1872, 1878 (at Salon and Exposition Universelle). Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1878.*

No. 43

THE LOVE TOKEN.

(L'ARBRE CONFITANT.)

14½ x 10.

"I carved her name upon a tree,  
Ah me !  
My Chloe's name upon a tree  
I carved in letters fair to see ;  
Now Chloe has forsaken me,  
Woe's me !"

OLD ENGLISH BALLAD.

To the friendly confidence of the forest, youth and passion confess the secret of their love. How many similar symbols has the hand of adoration carved upon Nature's face! And how often has the fickle god laughed at these enduring emblems of courtship and flirtations that have ended in naught, but left these notes of their progress to mock their futility! Perhaps this lover's fate may be happier than that of the hero of the old ballad. His present, at any rate, is happy enough.

The picture is executed in water colors, and is dated 1869.

VANNUTELLI (CAVALIERE SCIPIONE), . . . Rome

*Born in Rome. Genre painter. Studied in Vienna under Wurzinger, afterward in Paris under Heilbuth. Medal, Paris, 1864.*

*Jeune*

No. 44

*171*

DAY DREAMS ON THE CAMPAGNA.

(RÊVES DE JEUNESSE.)

15 x 10½—1871.

“ Beautiful dreams, that haunt the younger earth,  
In poet's pencil or in minstrel's song,  
Like sighs or rainbows, dying in their birth,  
Perceived a moment, and remembered long ! ”

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.

The youthful dreamer is stretched on his back upon a pleasant plain. He has laid his book by, and is watching the swallows skimming their airy flight overhead and the clouds making their voyages of mystery across the zenith. In the distance Rome, from which, no doubt, the young pursuer of waking phantoms is a whole world away, is seen.

The picture is executed in water colors, and is dated 1871.

MADRAZO (RICARDO), . . . . . Paris

*Son of Federico and brother of Raimundo de Madrazo. Has acquired reputation as a painter in water colors.*

No. 45

STREET IN GRANADA.

18 x 11—1871.

The streets of Granada, like those of all towns of Moorish construction, are very narrow and winding. The private buildings are, with few exceptions, of the simplest architecture, without any external ornament. In the town itself there is scarcely an old house that does not show some signs of Moorish construction. Some of the Moorish buildings are still completely preserved. Others are built about and absorbed by the newer Iberian structures, till only fragments of them show in the masonry, that has literally swallowed them up. The houses are all built about an inner court or patio, which is reached through a door opening from the street, and a little dark ante-court called the zaguan. In the patio, which is paved with stone, a fountain plays, and oleanders bloom in tubs and huge jars of clay baked as hard as stone. Balconies and galleries surround the patio, and the doors of the living and other rooms open upon them. Creeping vines clamber everywhere, and under the dead silence of the glowing sky the tinkle of falling waters and the hum of drowsy insects alone disturb the perpetual quiet of the decaying town. On their street fronts the houses exhibit only black doorways and white walls, that blaze in the sun, broken here

and there by grated windows. Many of the winding streets end abruptly at some house door, while others, twisting in and out along the irregularities of the hillsides, end at the very street where they began. A donkey dozing in the shade, a donkey driver asleep on his face on the ground, a vegetable seller drowsing over her wares, which none come to buy, alone give life to a scene in which the memory of the most romantic period of Spanish history lingers, ghostlike, in the very air.

The picture is executed in water colors.



TEN KATE (HERMAN FREDERICK), . The Hague

*Born at The Hague, 1822. Genre Painter. Studied in Amsterdam with Cornelius Kruseman; later in Paris. Member of the Academy of Rotterdam.*

No. 46

DUTCH GUARD-ROOM.

10 $\frac{3}{4}$  x 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

In an ancient barrack-room, a company of troopers are listening to the story of some recent event of the wars which a comrade is recounting with animation and evident dramatic effect. The costumes are of that period when the Netherlands made their splendid struggle against the cruel and tyrannical authority of Spain, and the interest with which the story teller is followed would suggest that he is dealing with some episode of unusual importance in the great campaigns for national deliverance. The group includes all varieties of characters, from the young soldier, rich in ambitions and enthusiasms, to the veteran, "bearded like the pard," for whom battles hold neither secrets nor terrors. The martial quality of the figures is characteristic of the period. A noble deep fire-place and a large window give variety and dignity to the background, and the Dutch standard is furled in a corner, ready to be clutched at the first summons to battle and borne to the fray by willing hands.

The picture is a water color, to which medium Mr. Ten Kate is chiefly devoted.

WISSEL (O.),

Seville

*Pupil of Fortuny.*

No. 47

BUTTERFLY.

(PAPILLON.)

WATER COLOR.

23 X 15.

The spirit of the butterfly hovers amid the ruins of an ancient garden. It is typified by an ethereal female form perched on a broken tree and listening to the sad murmur of a ruined fountain. Nature, healing the scars of time with a compassionate hand, has lavished her wealth of bloom and blossom on the wasted splendors of the past. A tender and poetic atmosphere envelopes the allegory in a dreamy haze.

The date is 1870.

DE NITTIS (JOSEPH),

Deceased

*Born at Barletta, Italy, 1846. Died at St. Germain, 1884. Studied under Gérôme and Meissonier. In the Salon of 1872 he gained great success by his "Road from Naples to Brindisi," and his "La Place des Pyramides," exhibited, later served to strengthen his reputation. Medals, Paris, 1876, 1878. Legion of Honor, 1878.*

No. 48

CHINESE SHOP.

(BAZAR CHINOIS.)

14 $\frac{3}{4}$  x 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

The fair sex indulges in the exercise of one of its pet prerogatives even in far Cathay. Wherever the commercial interests of man have set the shop up, woman finds time to dally among its enchanted stores of frippery and finery. The Chinese shop presents marked differences to that of the newer nations of the West. Its stock is of an unusual character, the most salient features of it being a number of large and showy paper lanterns suspended from the beams overhead. In place of the glitter and brightness of the European *magasin*, a rich gloom prevails, against which the vivid colors of the robes of the two shoppers, who are reading a notice pasted on a screen, show with brilliant relief.

The picture is executed in water colors, with daring freedom and force, and is dated 1870.

*Born at Madrid. Pupil of Madrazo the Elder; then studied in Paris and Rome. Medal, Paris (Exposition Universelle), 1878; Legion of Honor, 1878; Order of Charles III. of Spain.*

No. 49

## BOATING PARTY IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

(SUR LE LAC, BOIS DE BOULOGNE.)

(WATER COLOR.)

14½ x 10½.

"'Twas an afternoon in the Bois, and the sun shone golden and fair,  
And the poplars scarcely stirred in the balmy summer air,  
As we drifted under the willows, amid the lilies and sedges,  
And smiled at the gossipy ducks, that quacked at the lake's green edges."

ALFRED TRUMBLE.

The upper and lower lakes in the Bois de Boulogne, which are little more than ponds, by the way, are a little treasury of pictures. They are divided by the Carrefour des Cascades, which connects the drive from the Porte de Passy with the Chemin de Ceinture, and of the two, the Lac Inferieur, with its two islets connected by a rustic bridge, and its charming rural chalet, is by far the more picturesque. It is on this delightful little body of water that one may go boating, and linger under bosky embankments, or fish for minnows with rod and line to an audience of wondering ducks and swans. It is a peculiarity of the scenery of the Bois de Boulogne that everything about it is in proportion, so that even the restricted area of nature and the narrow dimensions of the lakes look larger than they are, thanks to the symmetrical fitness of all their details. Under a brilliant summer sky, flecked with white cloudlets over its placid blue, one may idle on the bank or in a boat upon the lake, as far away from the world as if all Paris were not riding by behind a broken girdle of bushes. Such sylvan idyls as M. Rico has painted in his charming water color, are endlessly repeated in the variations of the twin lakes in the Bois.

LELOIR (LOUIS ALEXANDRE), . . . Deceased

*Born at Paris. Pupil of his father, J. B. A. Leloir. Medals, Paris, 1864, 1868, 1870, 1878 (Exposition Universelle); Legion of Honor, 1876.*

No. 50

350

AFTER THE SUPPER, ONE MUST PAY.

(APRÈS LE SOUPER.)

10 x 14½.

It is an old saying, and an eternally true one, that there is no pleasure in life without its compensating pain. The elderly cavalier in the violet coat, that might do credit to a courtier's shoulders, has feasted and made merry. That the *cabinet particulier* has witnessed a savory repast, the remnants of it on the table show. The wines have been of the right bouquet, and the cordials of the proper flavor. Moreover, pleasant company, and pretty withal, has added zest to the banquet. Good digestion has, no doubt, waited upon appetite until the confounded waiter brought in the bill. He is an incarnation of the reveller's fate, this unmoved vassal of the table, who leans placidly against the wall, while the perplexed guest, whose hospitality has outrun the discretion of his purse, ponders over the items he has consumed, and dips into his pocket for the wherewithal to pay for them. It is easy to see, by his expression, that in spite of his gay attire, his exchequer is not in the most superabundantly plethoric state. Perhaps it is just as well that his fair companion should make her

exit before an explanation is arrived at. There are occasions when two parties to a discussion are better than three, and this is likely to be one of them, unless all the signs are astray. Moreover, it is a page of the history of human nature that is as frequently turned to-day as in the time when the Bourbon court was yet making merry on the brink of the volcano. M. Leloir's figures wear the costumes of the past. The comedy they are acting out is eternal.

The date of the picture is 1870.



*Son of Federico and brother of Raimundo de Madrazo. Has acquired reputation as a painter in water colors.*

No. 51

VIEW AT GRENADA.

16 x 21.

“And there the Alhambra still recalls  
 Aladdin's palace of delight ;  
 Allah il Allah ! through its halls  
 Whispers the fountain as it falls,  
 The Darro darts beneath its walls,  
 The hills with snow are white.”

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

The Genil and the gold-bearing Darro spring from two narrow, rocky valleys on the eastern declivity of the Sierra Nevada, and join at the foot of the Cerro de Santa Elena to send their united waters down the channel of the Genil, to mingle with the Guadalquivir. In the valley of the Darro, on both its banks, and on the eastern and southern sides of the Cerro de Santa Elena, reaching down into the plain where the Darro and Genil unite, lies the most ancient city of Grenada. The high back of the Cerro is crowned by the strong fortress of the Alhambra. That part of the city that rises on the right bank of the Darro is called the Albaycin, and forms in some degree, like the Alhambra, a town by itself. On the declivities of the Alhambra and the Albaycin the houses and streets rise one above another, like terraces, mixed with luxuriant gardens. The immediately surrounding country exceeds, if possible, the other parts of the Vega in fertility and luxuriant vegetation. The narrower parts of the valleys of the Darro and Genil, and the small side valleys are covered with thick groves of pomegranate trees, and a girdle of gardens spreads itself all around the city. Overhead is a sky of deep sapphire, spotted with fleecy clouds, and the horizon is walled in by the snowy summits of the rocky Sierras.

Printed in water colors, and is dated 1871.

*Born at Madrid. Pupil of Madrazo the elder ; later studied in Paris and Rome. Medals, Paris (Exposition Universelle), 1878 ; Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1878 ; Cross of the Order of Charles III. of Spain.*

No. 52

WASHERWOMEN AT POISSY. 160

(BLANCHISSEUSES À POISSY.)

14 x 20½.

" The nightingales were singing,  
At Poissy on the Seine,  
As I leant above the river,  
Flooded high with summer rain.  
Dear is that royal river,  
With ceaseless, noiseless flow,  
Past the gray towers of Paris  
From the woods of Fontainebleau ! "

BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

The Seine flows its placid course, under a summer sky full of light and flecked with fleecy, white cloudlets. A tender atmosphere suffuses the landscape with clear, pure blues and delicate gray greens, soft as the breath of the midsummer breeze that scarcely ruffles the surface of the water. On both banks of the stream women are busy washing their linen, beating it upon the stones and gossiping as they work. Some men in a passing boat shout a jovial salutation, to which one of the *blanchisseuses* responds merrily. Among the stones of a grassy islet in the river a boy is fishing, too intent upon his sport to give even the attention of childish curiosity to what is going on around him. A boat is drawn in on the strand near by. In the distance, over the farther bank of the river, the houses of the town are seen. The gayety and animation of a perfect, sunshiny day are expressed in nature, and reflected in the humanity which gives life to the scene.

The picture is a water color.

SIMONETTI (ATTILIO, CAVALIERE), . . . Naples

*Born in Rome. Genre Painter. Pupil of Fortuny. Professor in Naples.*

No. 53

A CONCERT.

WATER COLOR.

22 x 16½. 1869.

" I pant for the music which is divine,  
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower ;  
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,  
Loosen the notes in a silver shower."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

One can imagine the melody which these musicians of the chamber are discoursing to be an agreeable one. Their countenances wear an expression of satisfaction that no discords could call up. It is a trio of aristocratic amateurs, of which each member is engrossed in his share of the concerted task with the absorption of the true artist. The performer on the flute has laid his coat by, and is inspiring his tuneful reed in his shirt-sleeves. The 'cellist looks beyond the walls of the chamber into a space full of musical dreams. The ecstatic eyes of the violinist lose sight of the notes as he draws them under his bow with a loving hand. Music should be happily at home amid such surroundings. The rich cabinet, with its glass doors reflecting the sumptuous apartment, the screen on which a mandolin is suspended, the table, with its crystal pitcher and glass, combine to form a scene of luxury in which the actors in the episode are at home, and in which the strains they concert should echo with a richness and a volume befitting their confining walls.

This water color is dated 1869.

DÉTAILLE (JEAN BAPTISTE ÉDOUARD), . . . Paris

*Born at Paris, 1848. Favorite pupil of Meissonier. Medals, Paris, 1869, 1870, 1872. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1873; Officer of the Same, 1881. Grand Medal of Honor, 1888.*

No. 54

SCENE IN THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

(ÉPISODE DE LA GUERRE FRANCO-ALLEMANDE.)

8 $\frac{3}{4}$  x 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

The German artillery attack is decimating the French line of battle from a distant hill. A squadron of French cuirassiers is making a charge, closing up as they ride, the gaps torn in their ranks by shot and shell. The dead strew the ground, which is littered also with cast-off knapsacks and similar paraphernalia that the soldier discards on going into battle. Under the terrible fire men melt away like snow at the flame of a furnace, and a commanding general, galloping down the line, orders the regiment of lancers in the foreground back out of their wanton exposure to destruction. The commander of the regiment salutes, with a respectful sword and a reluctant face. The men, from their position of enforced inactivity, watch the raging of the fight with eyes of discontent. Over all the smoke of combat and the clouds of hot dust beaten up by feet in the mad hurry of destruction sully the smiling sky, and are rent asunder here and there by the bursting of a shell. In such a scene, it is no wonder that the soldier's blood stirs, and his heart beats angrily against its prisoning bars. With the challenge to the combat roaring itself at him, and the wild fascination of the fight tempting him, he sits helpless, raging within himself at the discipline which has fettered his hands and laid his martial usefulness by the heels. The expression upon the faces of M. Détaillé's lancers are indices to the martial regrets that they suffer. In each one reads the contest between submission to the iron laws of command and the stirring madness of battle.

The date of the picture is 1871, and it is painted in water colors, with great minuteness and accuracy of detail.

FORTUNY (MARIANO),

Deceased

*Born in Reüs, Catalonia, June 11, 1839. Pupil of the Barcelona Academy, Chevalier of the Order of Charles III., Prize of Rome from Spain, 1858. Died in Rome, November 21, 1874. Diploma to the Memory of Deceased Artists (Exposition Universelle), 1878.*

No. 55

PIFFERARI.

19 x 9½.

"The champaign with its endless fleece  
Of feathery grasses everywhere!  
Silence and passion, joy and peace,  
And everlasting wash of air,—  
Rome's ghost since her decease."

ROBERT BROWNING.

He sits under a wall, among the ruins which chronicle his country's greatness and decline. The Roman sunlight warms him, while it soothes his senses as he blows his spirit into the rude and simple instrument of his race. He is resting from a journey, as his staff leaning against the wall denotes, and as he sends the notes of his pipe wheezing out upon the air, his eye dwells listlessly upon the lean flocks grazing amid the decay of an empire. His uniform is that of his class: a vest of red wool, blue breeches, and a loose shirt of coarse cotton stuff whose white sleeves show through his sleeveless coat. Simple his wants and few, he has achieved the crown of his ambition, idling by the wayside, and silencing with the drone of his bagpipe the sleepy murmur of the cicadas and the dull buzzing of the wandering bee.

The picture is a water color, of Fortuny's later Roman period. Is dated 1868.



*Born at Lyons, 1813. He went to Paris when quite young, and was, for a time, a pupil of Léon Cogniet. First exhibited at the Salon in 1836. His picture "A Dream" (1855) was purchased by Napoleon III. and presented to the late Prince Albert, of England. Medals, Paris, 1840, 1841, 1843, 1848. Grand Medal of Honor, 1855 (Exposition Universelle). One of the eight Grand Medals of Honor (Exposition Universelle), 1867; Grand Medal of Honor (Exposition Universelle), 1878; Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1846; Officer of the Same, 1856; Commander of the Same, 1867; Grand Officer of the Same, 1878. Member of the Institute of France, 1861. Honorary Member of the Royal Academy, London.*

No. 56

3900

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD—LOUIS XIII.

*See the artist.*  
PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST.

10 x 7.

He stands in the gateway of the guard-house, surveying the passing of the town with martial disdain. There is a suggestion of insolence in his attitude, erect, with one foot slightly advanced, and his right hand resting on his hip and flipping a riding whip as if impatient of so childish a toy. His soldierly face, tanned by the sun of long campaigns and the smoke of battles, is haughty but good-humored. His gray moustaches bristle gallantly, and the twist to his imperial denotes that he has just twirled it, perhaps at some passing damsel, whose comeliness has caught his fancy. Resting his left wrist on the hilt of his long sword, he holds in his left hand, by its fingers, a glove with which he beats time against the handle of his trusty blade. Over his gray coat lined with pink a polished breastplate flashes in the sun. The blue plume in his hat cocks itself audaciously. His legs are encased in claret velvet breeches and high boots of Spanish leather. Whether it be to ride to a duel or a trysting place, to a court reception or a field of battle, here is one who is equally ready for the task, whatever it may be.

The reign of Louis XIII. was preëminently that in France during which the gentleman adventurer flourished. The kingdom was filled with soldiers of



fortune. The wars and the court intrigues held boundless possibilities for the intrepid scions of decayed and impoverished families, and France was never richer in gallant soldiers than then. Alexandre Dumas, in the greatest of his romances, "The Three Musketeers," draws the character of these cadets of fortune admirably in his famous hero D'Artagnan. It is a soldier of the D'Artagnan stripe that M. Meissonier paints in his "Captain of the Guard," a cavalier for whom life is full of delights, and of gallant adventures, who carries a splendid presence with a stride of pride, and loves the material pleasures of existence with no cold heart; but above all, a soldier to the backbone, who values his uniform and his honor above his life, and who will go forth from the banqueting-board to the battle-field as gayly as the lover hastens to the rendezvous where he is to meet a welcome of warm lips and white arms.

The picture is dated 1870, and is painted in water colors.

TROYON (CONSTANTINE), . . . . Deceased

*Born at Sèvres, 1810. His parents wished him to be a painter of porcelain, but after a time spent in the manufactory at Sèvres, he studied under Rivereux, and became a painter of landscapes and animals. Medals, Paris, 1838, 1840, 1846, 1848, 1855. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1849. Member of the Amsterdam Academy. Died, 1865. Diploma to the Memory of Deceased Artists (Exposition Universelle), 1878.*

No. 57

NORMANDY CATTLE.

$6\frac{1}{4} \times 12\frac{1}{2}$ .

" I've two great bullocks in my stall,  
Two great white bullocks mixed with roan,  
Ponderous the plough is that they haul,  
Massive the yoke their necks placed on."

PIERRE DUPONT.

The foreground is occupied by a red bull with a white frontlet, a close study of cattle character of the breed this great master loved to paint, which is looking out of the picture as if its attention had been suddenly aroused. A dun cow of the true Norman breed stands behind it in a quiet attitude. There is another cow under a tree, and a herdsman's shaggy dog—that famous dog that Troyon always clung to—completes the composition.

The landscape is simple, and the sky threatens a storm. The coloring is low in tone, rich and powerful.

DÉTAILLE (JEAN BAPTISTE ÉDOUARD), . . . Paris

*Born at Paris, 1848. Favorite pupil of Meissonier. Exhibited at Salon, in 1868, his "Halt of Infantry," which received much praise, and in 1869 the "Rest During Drill at Camp St. Maur." Medals, Paris, 1869, 1870, 1872. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1873; Officer of the Same, 1881; Grand Medal of Honor, 1888.*

*P.* *1200*  
No. 58

LES INCROYABLES—FOREST OF ST. GERMAIN.

$9\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ .

The incroyable was one of the most curious products of the great French Revolution. He was the antithesis of the revolutionist, the sans-culotte who gave too much attention to death to spare time for dress. The maddest extravagance of dandyism was indulged in by the *incroyable*, who won his familiar nickname by the incredible exaggeration of his costumes and customs. He literally, as his title would imply, carried his worship of the wild vagaries of foolish fashion past all belief. His appearance was a sort of protest against the brutal abandonment of all the gentler practices of life that characterized the reaction against aristocratic and polite existence which came with the commencement of the revolution, and he lasted as a public character till the great Napoleonic wars left no place in France for anyone but soldiers. M. Détaille shows him in all his glory, a perfect epitome of colors, as gay as a butterfly, swaggering down the great promenade of the Palace Park of St. Germain, with his long stick in his hand.

The date is 1871. •

## PETTENKOFFEN (Prof. AUGUST VON), . . . Vienna

*Born in Vienna, 1821. Genre painter of great local reputation, Member of the Royal Academies of Vienna and Munich. Knighted in 1876.*

*2 1 1 1 1*

*1600*

"Courtesy to an artist who is very much of a stranger demands that some space should be given to the distinguished Austrian, August Pettenkoffen. Pettenkoffen was born in Vienna in 1823, and at the Academy of Art in that city first served his apprenticeship to painting. The German-Austrian school was a school moving ponderously down to a hopeless decadence, in those days before the arising of Matejko, Munkacsy, Makart and Pettenkoffen himself. Happily the young student, though imprisoned in an almost monastic retirement from art-movements, heard the report of a little band of seekers and searchers—Troyon, Rousseau, Meissonier, in Paris, and Leys and Stevens and Willems, in Belgium—who were courageous enough to ask Nature for her secret face to face. This gospel of glad tidings was his earthly salvation. But, in the mean time arrived his turn at the national conscription, and the young man, drafted into the troops of Francis Joseph, fulfilled his duties like an honest soldier, and was promoted with remarkable rapidity to the grade of captain. The profession of arms, however, was unable to keep possession of a spirit that had tasted of artistic delights. The young man had viewed his military routine with the eye of a painter; it remained for him to drill his artistic faculties with the severity of a captain.

"Resuming the practice of art, he determined to devote himself to his profession from the military point of view, feeling that no one else could recount so well the field-scenes which had passed before his eyes. The event has justified him, and delivered to the world a mass of incidents of the Austrian army and its wild Hungarian contingent such as would have been lost to posterity without his aid. The young artist was now ready to carry out a project which had tempted him in his salad-days at the Vienna Academy, and repair to France for a more exquisite culture in the things which belonged to his peace. Only at Paris, in the epoch of 1850, could be found a group of seekers and teachers capable of satisfying an earnest seeker after verity. He finished a few portraits at Vienna—portraits of his relations and neighbors, as much to please the originals as to get his pencil-hand in practice again—and departed for the French capital, carrying with him two canvases traced over with the sketches of two pictures, 'The Spy,' and 'Marauders Dividing Booty,' the last of which found when finished, a resting place in the collection of Sir Richard Wallace.

"A minutely invented, careful and toilsome series of exquisite studies, representing scenes of army-life in the troops he had just quitted, or village groups from Bohemia and Hungary, have occupied his time incessantly. He has learned from the contemplation of the Wouvermans and Van de Veldes how much can be imparted in a small panel finished in the grand manner, and his ambition has restricted itself to the discerning treatment of reality."

*The Art Treasures of America.*

No. 59

MARKET SCENE IN HUNGARY.

(MARCHÉ HONGROIS.)

7 x 9.

" \* \* \* Hark the noise !  
The laugh and shout of village boys.  
The sound of cymbals cleaves the air ;  
The gypsy-player tarries there."

ALEXANDER PETÖFI.

An open-air market in a Hungarian village. In the foreground are groups of men and women seated and standing around the base of a stone boundary-post. The middle distance is filled with market wagons and chaffering sellers and buyers, horses, cattle and idling figures. Beyond the crowd one sees a well sweep and the roofs of the village. The scene is very animated, and the colors in the women's costumes lend it a certain gayety. The types of character are varied, picturesque, and full of interest, and the suggestion of barbaric movement and color is admirably conveyed, while the Magyar characteristics of the scene and the actors in it are thoroughly preserved and depicted. So closely is the detail of the scene followed, that even the vegetables and other objects exposed for sale will be recognized by native Hungarians as of local origin.

Dated 1853.

ZAMACOIS (ÉDOUARD), . . . . . Deceased.

*Born in Bilboa in 1842. Died at Madrid, 1871. Genre painter. Pupil of Balaco, then of Madrid Academy under Federico de Madrazo, and in Paris of Meissonier. Treated seventeenth-century subjects with great success. Medals, Paris, 1867. Munich, 1870. Diploma to the Memory of Deceased Artists (Exposition Universelle), Paris, 1878.*

No. 60

A COURT JESTER.

(LE FOU DU ROI.)

6 x 5.

"The jester shook his hood and bells and leaped upon a chair ;  
The pages laughed ; the women screamed and tossed their scented hair ;  
The falcon whistled ; stag-hounds bayed ; the lap-dog barked without ;  
The scullion dropped the pitcher brown ; the cook railed at the lout ;  
The steward, counting out his gold, let pouch and money fall ;  
And why ? Because the jester rose to say grace in the hall."

WALTER THORNBURY.

The court jester was the censor of a corrupt age. Zamaçois was, after his fashion, the court jester of his art in our own time. His muse was always merry, but with a strong strain of scorn and satire in it. It was the art of a deep-thinking and sincere reformer that he practiced, and he has left us pictures that will be immortal for their shrewd and bitter sarcasm and true, however sardonic, commentary upon human nature. The jester was a favorite subject with him. In this instance he represents him attired entirely in scarlet, seated on a couch covered with yellow brocade in a palatial interior. He is picking at a mandolin, and his face wears a sardonic expression. A richly-colored rug is at his feet. Through a large window the trees of a park are seen. The coloring is vivid and daring in arrangement, and brilliant in result.

The date of the picture is 1868.



VIBERT (JEAN GEORGES), . . . . . Paris

*Born in Paris, 1840. Pupil of l'École des Beaux-Arts, and of Barrias, Paris. Medals, Paris, 1864, 1867, 1868, 1878 (Exposition Universelle). Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1870.*

No. 61

2nd  
THE FIRST-BORN.

(LE PREMIER NÉ.)

15 x 18

The divinest instinct that is implanted in the human breast is that which hedges childhood about with the self-sacrificing safeguards of maternity and paternity. The noblest deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice recorded of the human race are those of the father and the mother given to the child. The one attribute of serious humanity at which the most hardened cynic dares not scoff, is that of parental love. Even the most indurated and calloused mocker at the true sentiments of his race cannot forget that he was once a child, and that some one toiled and suffered for his sake, as others are and will be toiling and suffering for their little ones until the globe whirls into fathomless space and the heavens open as a scroll. And of all the love and tenderness that falls to childhood, the greatest and the warmest part belongs, beyond a doubt, to the first-born.

It is in the commencement of a family that the romance of domesticity begins. The first baby is the emblem and the seal of love, whether it rest in the hovel or a palace. It is in the latter setting that M. Vibert presents his "First-Born" to us. In a splendid French interior, of the period of Louis XV., a young mother and father are watching at the side of the tiny pledge of their affection. The babe lies on a couch covered with a sumptuous green and flowered brocade. The father, in a gay suit of the Court cut, is seated on the right, intently contemplating the child. The

mother has dropped her knitting and arisen, on the left, as if to anticipate some want of the little one, and one can almost hear her crowing the old Gallic lullaby :

“ Do—do l'enfant dor—  
L'enfant dormira tantôt ;  
La Vierge benité  
Endormé—moi cet enfant  
Jusqu'à quand il sera grand  
Il dira ; papa—mama.”

The picture is dated 1872.

DAUBIGNY (CHARLES FRANCOIS).

Deceased

*Born at Paris, 1817. Pupil of his father and Paul Delaroche, and for three years studied in Italy. Medals, 1848, 1853, 1855, 1857, 1859, 1869. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1859. Officer of the Same, 1874. Died, 1878. Diploma to the Memory of Deceased Artists (Exposition Universelle), 1878.*

No. 62

LANDSCAPE—ON THE RIVER MARNE.

17100

4000  
(PAYSAGE—RIVIÈRE MARNE.)

14 x 25½.  
*Very rare*

"The art of this illustrious master consists in choosing well a bit of country and painting it as it is, inclosing in its frame all the simple and name poetry which it contains. No effect of studied light, no artificial and complicated composition, nothing which allures the eyes, surprises the mind and crushes the littleness of man."

EDMOND ABOUT, "Salon de 1864."

The river bank rises from the calm stream in a gentle slope, well græssed and crested with sturdily verdured thickets. The line of shore carries itself away in a picturesque undulation, sufficiently relieved by clumps of foliage without having its simplicity of surface disturbed. A sky of tender grays and pearls accentuates the simple but rich color of the landscape. It is nature, embellished by no liberties with the rules of composition, yet composing itself into a picture whose modest force has a dignity no studied composition could possess.

The picture is dated 1863.

RICO (MARTIN),

Venice

*Born at Madrid. Pupil of Madrazo the elder ; then studied in Paris and Rome. Medal, Paris (Exposition Universelle), 1878 ; Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1878 ; Chevalier of the Order of Charles III. of Spain.*

No. 63

MOORISH HOUSE AND COURT—GRANADA.

(MAISON MAURESQUE—GRENADE.)

13 x 23.

At the doorway where the harem once passed out to its promenade of the garden, some humble Dolores sits spinning. At the window, through which the Pasha may have watched his favorite feeding her goldfish in the fountain, in the days before the last Abencerrage fled beyond the plain, an humble artificer chatters at his work with a village gossip, her baby in her arms. In the cool gloom of the deteriorated palace, the banging of a loom is echoing, like a lingering menace of the warlike clamor which awoke Granada from her dream of eternal peace, and swept her glory away like the phantasm of a dream. The walls are stained with mould ; the dainty tracery of the artist's chisel is crumbling and melting away under stress of wind and weather ; grass is springing over the broken pavement, laid for the promenade of princes and worn by the feet of conquering churls ; and the fountain has wept its last tears for the degradation of the fallen house, and gone sluggishly to sleep in its decaying basin. Such is all the Granada of to-day, the corpse of a dead civilization that has become one of the romances of history, dessicated by the sun that gilded its splendor and that mocks its ruin.

MEISSONIER (JEAN CHARLES), . . . . Paris

*Born in Paris. Pupil of his father, J. L. E. Meissonier, like whom he paints Eighteenth Century scenes in the style of the old Dutch Masters. Medal, 1866.*

No. 64

*Pen*  
STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN. *5100*

(RÉMINISCENCES DE GUERRE.)

17½ x 14.

"Like an old soldier, telling of the wars,  
Buying his bed and supper with the tale,  
And coining comfort from his unhealed scars."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A vagrant man-at-arms, tramping from one mercenary service to another, has applied for food and shelter at a chateau by the way. The master of the house accords him hospitality, and takes as compensation for it his guest's gossip from the wars. The campaigner sits upon a settle by the kitchen fire, a dish in his lap, a knife in his hand, a wine-jar on the seat beside him, and his long sword within ready reach. He revels in the rude comforts of an ample meal, seasoned by the talk that pleases him best. His host, standing with his back to the fire, puffs a pipe while he listens and looks on. The chat of his guest awakens in him memories of his own stirring adventures by flood and field. He lives again with the speaker the campaign from which he has come. For one night, at least, the old vagabond free lance will enjoy the repose accorded to an honored guest.

The period of the picture is the Seventeenth Century, and it is dated 1871.

ZAMAÇOÏS (ÉDOUARD), . . . Deceased

*Born at Bilboa, Spain, 1843. Pupil of Meissonier. Made his début at the Salon of 1863. Medal, Paris, 1867. Died, 1871. Diploma to the Memory of Deceased Artists (Exposition Universelle), 1878.*

No. 65

LEVYING CONTRIBUTIONS.

(CONTRIBUTIONS INDIRECTES.)

12 x 15.

Painted in 1866, and exhibited at the Salon in the Spring of 1867, "Contributions Indirectes" attracted to the artist the attention of all Paris. It was the first of the series of satires upon monkish life which the gifted young pupil of Meissonier took up. The wit of the painter flashed in it with the keenness of a steel blade, and within twenty-four hours it had become the topic of the hour.

In the court-yard of a superb chateau of the middle of the Seventeenth Century, a mendicant friar, having halted on his regular round of levying contributions upon the neighborhood, receives entertainment for himself at the hands of several roguish hosts. He sits upon a bench, sipping at a cup of chocolate, while his entertainers exchange their badinage with him, and at his expense. An elderly cavalier with a swagger of authority about him, stands at his right, resting one hand upon his long cane. He is richly and gayly dressed. There is a smile of mockery on his face, and that he speaks scoff-



ingly, his attitude and expression alike clearly testify. Seated on the bench, a young lady, in a sumptuous toilette of blue satin and lace, stirs a posset in a glass, and jests with the friar. Behind him a young cavalier is about to pull the cowl from his head. The monk endures the entire proceeding with stolid philosophy. He is sufficiently satisfied with receiving his taxes, direct and indirect, to submit to furnishing some diversion to those he taxes. The end justifies the means, and humility is practiced for profit. The composition has all the qualities which made Zamaçoïs famous. The picturesque and the grotesque combine in it, the individualizations of the characters are full of force and humor, and the witty idea is realized with cutting brilliancy. The spirit of Molière breathes in the brush of his artistic successor, who in our own century repeated with his brush the triumphs won by the creator of *Tartuffe* with his pen.

VERNET (ÉMILE JEAN HORACE), . . . Deceased

*Born in the Louvre, Paris, June 30, 1789. Died in Paris, January 17, 1863. Son of Charles Vernet and grandson of Joseph Vernet. Pupil of his father and of Vincent, and commenced an independent career as a painter in 1809. First-Class Medal, 1812. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1814. Officer of the Same, 1825; Commander of the Same, 1842. Member of the Institute, 1826. Director of the French Academy at Rome, 1828. French Representative at the Roman Court, 1830. Grand Medal of Honor, 1855.*

 No. 66 875

THE ORIGINAL STUDY OF JUDITH.

23½ x 21.

Vernet's "Judith" was one of the pictures produced by him during his residence in Rome, as director of the French Academy in the Immortal City. He was appointed to this post in 1828, and held it until 1835. The date of his original study for the "Judith" is 1830. It is evidently a portrait of some choice model in whom the painter found an inspiration for his scriptural heroine. The type is Italian, of that order in which is perpetuated some of the barbarically patrician pride and haughty beauty of an Italy that has long since vanished into history. She is a big, strong woman, this Roman model, with her luxuriant hair, black and glossy as a raven's wing, her great eyes, the orbs of "ox-eyed Juno," with their regularly pencilled brows, her set and cruel lip, and her flesh of ivory, full and firm with healthy blood and brawn. The artist departed very slightly from this original when he subsequently introduced her into his picture.

SCHREYER (ADOLF),

Paris

*Born in Frankfort, 1828. Pupil of Städel Institute, Frankfort; studied the horse anatomically in the riding school; later, in Stuttgart, Munich and Düsseldorf. Travelled extensively in the East and throughout Europe. Member of Antwerp and Rotterdam Academies. Medals, Brussels, 1863; Paris, 1864, 1865, 1867; Munich, 1876; Chevalier of the Order of Leopold, 1866; Court Painter to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, 1862.*

U 7 200 No. 67

2750

31-20  
WINTER IN WALLACHIA.

(HIVER EN VALACHIE.)

18 x 29.

" No product here the barren hills afford  
But man and steel,—the soldier and his sword ;  
No vernal blooms these torpid rocks array,  
But winter, lingering, chills the lap of May."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The snows are on the Danubian Principalities, and what pass for highways across the vast expanses of swamp and grazing land are deep with mire. The team dragging the ponderous freight wagon through this dreary waste have all that they can do to keep the wheels from being held fast by the fingers of the greedy earth till the frost makes them effectually prisoners. The teamsters lash the straining brutes with furious blows, the strained joints crack, the harness creaks ominously, the wagon racks and complains as it struggles

against the tension put upon it, and to add to the excitement and confusion of the scene, the overcast sky is full of the promise of a coming snowstorm, to encounter which is to invite the menace of a death of frost, amid the waste places of the abandoned plain. It is one of those occasions when no moment is to be lost, and no exertion spared, for the fading of the last gleam of cheerless and warmthless light from the desolate landscape may be the last moment of his life to reveal to the belated wanderer the light of day.

*Born at Vesoul, France, 1824. Went to Paris 1841, and entered the studio of Paul Delaroche, at the same time following the course at l'École des Beaux-Arts. In 1844 he accompanied Delaroche to Italy. He made his début at the Salon in 1847 with "Un Combat de Coqs." In 1853 and 1856 he traveled in Egypt and Turkey, studying closely the history and customs of those countries. Medals, Paris, 1847, 1848, 1855 (Exposition Universelle); Member of the Institute, 1865; Medal of Honor (Exposition Universelle), 1867; Medal of Honor, 1874; Medal for Sculpture, and one of the eight Grand Medals of Honor (Exposition Universelle), 1878; Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1855; Officer 1867; Commander of the Same, 1878; Chevalier of the Order of the Red Eagle, Member of the Royal Academy, London; Professor at l'École des Beaux-Arts.*

125w  
*Built up*  
 No. 68

**MOLIÈRE BREAKFASTING WITH LOUIS XIV.  
 AT VERSAILLES.**

(MOLIÈRE ET LOUIS XIV.)

16½ x 29½

Jean Baptiste Poquelin, with the self-selected professional name of Molière, with which he baptized himself when he took to the stage, and under which he is immortal, was the son of an upholsterer of Paris, who was later in life a valet-de-chambre to the king. Molière was born in Paris, on January 15, 1622. There are absolutely no reliable data about his early life, save that at the age of fourteen he was sent to the College de Clermont, a Jesuit Seminary in his native city, and that after leaving college he attended the lectures of Gassendi. He undertook a translation of Lucretius, which is now utterly lost, excepting for a single passage in the fourth scene of Act II. of his "Misanthrope;" commenced to study law about 1641, and in 1645 turned actor, and went for a dozen years roving about the country with a band of strolling players.

It was during this period of his career that he took to play-writing. His first play, "L'Étourdi," was presented in Lyons in 1653. Finally,

drifting back to Paris, he encountered the Prince de Conti, who had been a school-fellow with him at Clermont, and through the Prince's power obtained permission to act before the king. Louis was so pleased by the performance, and the Prince de Conti supported his old college comrade so manfully, that Molière was given permission to establish himself and his troupe in Paris. Now began to appear his superb series of comedies, which found their splendid crown in "*Tartuffe*," in 1669. Four years later, on February 17th, 1673, while acting in "*Le Malade Imaginaire*," which he had but just written, Molière was taken with a hemorrhage, and died at ten o'clock that night. His life had been a light and merry one in spirit. His fearless satire had offended the Church. By some it is even hinted that he had early in life become a priest and broken his vows. At any rate, he died in a state of excommunication; and the Church, which had refused him the final rites of religion when he implored them in his last gasp, refused him also Christian burial. The king's absolute command alone secured for the greatest comic dramatist that ever lived burial in consecrated ground, and then only a private interment, performed by a party of a hundred friends with lighted torches and without a priest. His body now lies in cemetery of Pere Lachaise, where it was removed in 1817.

That Louis XIV. received Molière with much personal favor is undoubted. The story of the breakfast represented by M. Gérôme, is told by Mme. Campan in her "*Mémoires*." According to it, it came to the king's ears that certain officers of his household had refused to dine with Molière at the house of his majesty's purveyor-in-chief. A day or two later, Molière happening to be at Versailles, where the court was, with his troupe, called to make a morning service to the king. Through an ante-chamber crowded with the courtiers who had disdained him, Louis, who was just from the hands of his valet, had the comedian introduced into his presence. He was breakfasting lightly on the luncheon that had been prepared for him, as was the custom, should he have wished to eat at night, and commanding Molière to sit opposite him, served him with a wing of his own fowl, and ordered the courtiers to be admitted, to whom he said:



"You see me, gentlemen, in the act of eating with Molière, whom the people of my house do not find good enough company for them."

M. Gérôme represents the king in the centre of the composition, seated at a table covered with a sumptuous cloth, and turning with an expression of mockery to the bowing courtiers, gathered on the left of the picture and behind him, to whom he is speaking. In the foreground, to the extreme left, the Coadjutor Archbishop de Retz, with his beretta crushed in his nervous hand, holds himself haughtily erect, convulsed with futile rage and apprehension at the suggested peril to the Church. Opposite the king, Molière sits at the right, listening with a face full of satire and satisfaction at the humiliation of his arrogant enemies. Servants are bringing in dishes behind the comedian. The scene is laid in one of the smaller state apartments at Versailles, an interior ornate in the architecture and decoration of the period, with a canopied throne seat at the back.

The date of the painting is 1862.

## DE NEUVILLE (ALPHONSE MARIE),

Deceased

*Born at Saint Omer, France, 1836. A member of a wealthy family, his parents intended him for an official career, but he was only willing to join the army and entered the school at Lorient. Here his astonishing skill in drawing was remarked. In order to make peace with his family, he went to Paris and entered the law-school, but he spent more time at the military school and in the Champs-de-Mars, sketching and becoming familiar with all the details of a soldier's life. He returned home, declaring he would be a painter or nothing. His friends endeavored to discourage his determination, and the artists upon whom he called in Paris advised him to go back home. Delacroix, however, became his friend, and with him De Neuville spent many hours. He studied also with Picot. De Neuville's first pictures were not particularly remarkable, but the Franco-Prussian war gave him inspiration and subjects almost without limit, and since that time the artist has produced some of the greatest battle-pictures of any time. Medals, Paris, 1859, 1861. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1873. Officer of the Same, 1881. Died, 1885.*

No. 69

## HAULING BY THE CAPSTAN—YPORT, NORMANDIE.

(HALAGE DU CABESTAN.)

22 x 38.

The sky is sullen and the sea pelts the shingle with angry blows of its uneasy waves. In air and ocean the storm is brooding, nursing its wrath with blackening brows. The tempest is held within check only by its own wanton

and capricious will, and those who are on the waters do wisely in fleeing before the peril that is soon to come. One fishing boat has gained the strand, and her hawser has been carried up to the huge capstan by which she may be dragged out of reach of the breakers. Manhood and youth, old age and childhood, bend to their labor at the capstan bars, while on the beach below strong hands steady the boat and keep her on an upright keel as she makes her toilsome progress to a safe resting-place. The capstan creaks and groans ; the heavy keel of the boat grinds the shingle into fragments, and the driving wind, whistling in the rigging, shakes and sways the beached craft as if in fury at being robbed of its prey. In contrast with the wild spirit of nature and the furious energy of the rude toilers of the sea, face to face with their worst foe, and struggling to baffle him, the artist shows, in himself and his wife, types of the refined and sheltered life of the town, luxurious idlers who come to look with curiosity on this episode from lives of ceaseless trouble and perennial toil, and to find in its tragic earnestness the subject for a painted sermon for the eyes of luxury and ease.

BONHEUR (FRANCOIS AUGUSTE), . . . Deceased

*Born in Bordeaux, 1824. Died, 1884. Brother of Rosa Bonheur and pupil of their father, Raymond Bonheur, a meritorious artist, who died in 1853. Auguste achieved reputation as a landscape and animal painter. Medals, 1852, 1857, 1859, 1861, 1863. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1867.*

No. 70

NORMANDY CATTLE.

(BESTIAUX NORMAND.)

23½ x 32.

It is a landscape of large lines and simple dignity, mellowing in the mid-summer midday. Under a sky aglow with light basks a champaign broken with clumps of verdure and gentle elevations, in which the rich color of the ripening year is refined by the harmony of a nature all in tune. In a pool in the foreground, a red cow is drinking. Behind her, and also in the water, is a black cow, while on the right a dun and white cow is calling, with her head up. To the right in the second plane, a peasant woman is driving two cows to water along the bank. On the left, over the crown of a road which ascends a low hillock from the pool, is seen the figure of a mounted man. A few stunted but richly verdured trees break the not unpleasing monotony of the landscape. The picture is not dated.

VIBERT (JEAN GEORGES), . . . . . Paris

*Born in Paris, 1840. Pupil of l'École des Beaux-Arts, and of Barrias, Paris. Medals, Paris, 1864, 1867, 1868, 1878 (Exposition Universelle). Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1870.*

No. 71  
*Bull Wing*

1000 SCENE AT A SPANISH DILIGENCE STATION. 9100

(UNE COUR DE DILIGENCE EN ESPAGNE.)

27 x 36.

The diligence office is almost as complete an epitome of Spanish life and character to-day as it was at the opening of the century. The world's progress has, it is true, invaded the Iberian peninsula astride of the iron horse, but railway communication is by no means universal, and even where it does exist, as a line of connection between the more important points, the ancient stages are frequently kept up. The Spaniard has not outgrown the national predilection for travelling through life by easy stages. Neither has he lost his love of gossip, and of the interchange of badinage by the way—that merry weakness of the idle tongue that has found in “Figaro” a type of all his race. Modern Spain is still the Spain of Beaumarchais. The characters of “The Barber of Seville” still lounge in its sunny streets and go a-journeying as of old, and from among them M. Vibert has found material for his picture.

In a court-yard at Séville, the passengers are awaiting the departure of the stagecoach. In the foreground to the right, a black-robed priest with the long box containing some ecclesiastical vestment on his knees, is seated

against the wall, reading in his breviary. His ascetic face wears a particularly severe expression, caused, no doubt, by an active flirtation between his neighbors. They occupy the middle of the picture, in a group of three, whose centre is a coquettish Spanish beauty gayly attired in yellow silk and white lace. She has on her left a Spanish bull-fighter, in a bright blue suit, with a scarlet serape cast over his shoulder, and on her right another admirer more soberly clad. Their conversation is animated, and accompanied with spirited gestures and cigarette smoke. In the background other figures are gathered about a booth, and a muleteer lies among his trappings on the ground. The diligence, as yet unhorsed, shows in the rear of the court over the heads of its waiting passengers.

The picture bears the date 1869.



## MEISSONIER (JEAN LOUIS ERNEST), . . . Paris

*Born at Lyons, 1813. He went to Paris when quite young, and was, for a time, a pupil of Léon Cogniet. First exhibited at the Salon in 1836. His picture, "A Brawl" (1855), was purchased by Napoleon III. and presented to the late Prince Albert, of England. Medals, Paris, 1840, 1841, 1843, 1848. Grand Medal of Honor, 1855 (Exposition Universelle). One of the eight Grand Medals of Honor (Exposition Universelle), 1867; Grand Medal of Honor (Exposition Universelle), 1878. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1846; Officer of the Same, 1856; Commander of the Same, 1867; Grand Officer of the Same, 1878. Member of the Institute of France, 1861. Honorary Member of the Royal Academy, London.*

17500

*Ug* No. 72

20300

### THE GAME LOST.

(PARTIE PERDUE.)

*Q. de la p.*  
*20. p.*

13½ x 10½.

The gamester, in one guise or another, has always been a favorite subject with the greatest of modern French masters at the easel.

His first public impression as a painter was made in 1836, with a picture of chess players. Then he turned to the gamblers at dice with equal success. The card players next engaged his attention, and through them some of his greatest triumphs have been won. He has painted them at their game, in repose; after their game, in the action of a furious brawl; and again dying from the results of a quarrel over a disputed stake. The

11800

best of his card players are the old campaigners of the robust period of Louis XIII., whom he paints at play in the barrack-room, squandering in the idleness of peace the spoils of war. It is notable that in his treatments of these subjects he not only accurately depicts the dress and surroundings of the time, but gives in his types of character an amazing reflex of the human traits and characteristics of the day he deals with. There is none of the quality of the lay figure in his heroes, and none of the suggestion of a modern model tricked out in an antique masquerade.

In "The Game Lost" he presents to us four figures, in a corner of a barrack-room. Of these, two are players, and two spectators. The players sit face to face, astride of a bench, which serves them for a table as well. Both are old soldiers, who have grown gray in battle and adventure, and are in full uniform. They are evidently beguiling the time before they go on duty with a bout at the pasteboards. One, bare-headed and serious, sits straight up, conning his hand and selecting the card to play, while a younger comrade, seated beside him, looks over his cards and utters a hint as to the selection he may make. The other player, who wears his hat and the sash of an officer of the day, evidently secure in the possession of a strong hand, has his mind made up as to his course. He does not look at his cards, but watches his opponent, leaning slightly forward, with one hand on his hip, ready to draw his winning card when the other's play is made. On a stool beside him lies a clay pipe, which he has laid aside in the excitement of the game. The fourth figure is that of another old soldier, in a steel cuirass and without his hat, who leans, standing, against the wall behind the officer, with a pipe in his hand, blowing a cloud as he surveys the game. The light enters from an unseen window, and the background gains variety from a plank partition over which a mantle has been thrown. In all the details the facts of the scene are accurately observed. The two players, who are presently to go on duty, are booted and spurred. The two who are off duty are bareheaded, and wear their uniforms carelessly. One can almost tell the hour of day from the light that enters at the window.

"The Game Lost" is dated 1863.

## MEISSONIER (JEAN LOUIS ERNEST), . . . Paris

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No. 73

### THE STIRRUP CUP.

(COUP DE L'ÉTRIER.)

$3\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$ . 1866.

It is a white, hot, midsummer day. On one of the dusty highways of the South of France the air is ablaze with heat as from a furnace. The traveller, pushing forward on his journey, has halted for his breakfast at an humble wayside inn, and having refreshed and rested himself, has remounted to resume the road, and is being served in the saddle with a parting draught of wine by his host. The traveller is in a pink silk coat of the style of the last century, and is mounted on a white horse. His back is towards the spectator, and the horse is seen foreshortened. The innkeeper stands at the horse's head, facing forward, and holds a wine jug in his hand and a glass on a tray. He is a sturdy figure, in his shirt, with the sleeves rolled up and blue woolen stockings encasing his stout legs, firmly planted on the ground. The figures are relieved against the wall of the inn, which is in bright sunlight. In spite of the miniature dimensions of the panel, every detail is rendered with the most exquisitely scrupulous exactitude—the buttons on the traveller's coat, the harness of his horse, the glint of light on the glass. At the same time the picture has the brilliancy and vigor of the largest and most dashing executed work.

ALMA-TADEMA (LAURENZ), R. A.,

London

*Born at Dronryp, West Friesland, Holland, 1836. First studied in the Gymnasium of Leeuwarden, where he devoted much of his time to the study of Græco-Roman and Egyptian antiquities. Entered the Academy at Antwerp in 1852, and subsequently studied under Baron Leys. In 1870 fixed his residence in London. Medals, Paris, 1864-1867 (Exposition Universelle); 1878 (Exposition Universelle). Grand Gold Medal, Berlin, 1874. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1873; Officer of the Same, 1878. Cross of the Order of Merit, Berlin, 1881. Knight of the Order of Leopold; Cross of the Order of the Dutch Lion; Knight of the Order of St. Michael of Bavaria; of the Gold Lion of the House of Nassau; Cross of the Order of the Royal Crown of Prussia. Member of the Royal Academy of Amsterdam; of the Royal Academy of Munich; of the Royal Academy of Berlin; and of the Royal Academy of London. Member of the English Society of Painters in Water Colors. Honorary Professor of the Royal Institute of Fine Arts, Naples, and Corresponding Member of the Academy of the Fine Arts, France.*

*Stiff*  
No. 74

6100

QUEEN CLOTILDA, WIFE OF CLOVIS, FIRST  
CHRISTIAN KING OF FRANCE, INSTRUCTING  
HER CHILDREN IN ARMS.

25½ x 35½.

Clotilda, wife of the great Clovis, the first Christian king of France, was the daughter of the King of Burgundy. Her mother and father had been assassinated by her uncle, who had caused the latter to be stabbed

and the former to be drowned with a heavy stone about her neck. Their daughter brooded upon revenge, until the death of the great king, her husband, left the care and education of her sons entirely in her hands, when she bade them think with bitter hate of the foul wrong that her uncle had done her and avenge the death of her father and mother. The education which she addressed herself to giving them was calculated to this end.

They are shown in the picture practicing with the axe at a target of planks in the open court-yard of the palace, which is built in the Roman style. The elder, a handsome child with flaxen locks, stands posed in the foreground a little to the left, balancing in his upraised hand the hatchet he is about to launch at its mark. His brother, a still younger child, stands farther retired, between him and the target, watching him and clutching with childish eagerness the axe which he is next to cast. The third child, little more than a baby, clings to the knee of his mother, who, seated on her throne in the centre of the composition, with the solemn symbol of Christianity drawn in large lines on the walls behind her, gazes with pride and infinite sadness in her haughty and determined face at her gallant boys, qualifying themselves for the work of a bloody retaliation. At the extreme left of the foreground an old warrior, the instructor of the warlike little princes, leans with one arm upon his ponderous shield and watches with grave satisfaction the exhibition of his pupil's prowess. The queen's women are grouped behind her; on her left hand is a group of ecclesiastics, and the other side of the composition is filled in with royal guards and court dignitaries.

This remarkable painting is the work to which the artist owes his first success. It was painted previously to his settlement in London, was exhibited in Antwerp in 1861, purchased by the Antwerp Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, from whose hands it passed into the collection of the King of the Belgians, and at the dispersion of His Majesty's collection, was brought to the United States.



## BOUGUEREAU (WILLIAM ADOLPHE), . . . Paris

*Born in La Rochelle, 1825. When quite young, after passing through the College at Pons, where he showed an aptitude for drawing, Bouguereau was placed in a business house in Bordeaux. While there he attended, two hours a day, the drawing-school of M. Alaux. Treated contemptuously by his fellow-students on account of his unaristocratic business connections, Bouguereau nevertheless took the first prize at the end of the year, the award causing such excitement in the school that a riot was the consequence. Bouguereau resolved thenceforth to turn his attention to art, and after he had earned sufficient money by painting portraits at Saintonge, where his uncle was a priest, he went to Paris and entered the studio of Picot, and later l'École des Beaux-Arts, where his progress was rapid. He gained the Prix de Rome in 1850, and then studied in Rome. Medals, Paris, 1855 (Exposition Universelle), 1857, 1867 (Exposition Universelle). Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1859. Member of the Institute of France, 1876. Officer of the Legion of Honor, 1876. Medal of Honor (Exposition Universelle), 1878. Knight of the Order of Leopold, 1881. Grand Medal of Honor, Paris, 1885. Medal of Honor, Antwerp, 1885.*

*Weak*

No. 75

*4600*

### HESITATING BETWEEN LOVE AND RICHES.

(ENTRE L'AMOUR ET LA RICHESSE.)

42 x 35.

"I have no store  
Of gryphon-guarded gold ;  
Now as before,  
Bare is the shepherd's fold.



Rubies nor pearls  
Have I to gem thy throat ;  
Yet woodland girls  
Have loved the shepherd's note."

It is some such song as that of Oscar Wilde's amorous shepherd that love pours into the ear of youth, while loveless age essays to silence its charms with the tempting clink of gold and the tinkle of glistening gems. And between the troubadour who offers the treasure of his heart and the graybeard who proffers the treasures of his coffers, the maiden sits in doubt. But while she questions, without a glance at the sordid bait that senility holds forth to her, her ears are open to the plea of the poet's song. Even when eyes are blind the heart has open eyes, and there can be little question of what her choice will be.

The figure of the prize for which youth and age contend with such unequal weapons occupies the centre of the composition in a pensive attitude. On her left, the youthful gallant chants his passion in her ear, between touches upon his mandolin. On her right the aged suitor tempts her with a jewel casket. The costumes are of the later fourteenth or early fifteenth century, sumptuous in material and rich in color. The maiden's face is pure in outline, its youth chastened by gravity. Her dress of pink stuff, with white at the arms and throat, accentuates by its simplicity the richness of its surroundings, and gives meaning to the allegory. The figures are shown at three-quarter length. The date is 1869.

GÉRÔME (JEAN LÉON),

Paris

*Born at Vesoul, France, 1824. Went to Paris in 1841, and entered the studio of Paul Delaroche, at the same time following the course at l'École des Beaux-Arts. In 1844 he accompanied Delaroche to Italy. He made his début at the Salon of 1847. In 1853 and 1856 he travelled in Egypt and Turkey, studying closely the history and customs of those countries. Medals, Paris, 1847, 1848, 1855 (Exposition Universelle). Member of the Institute, 1865. Medal of Honor (Exposition Universelle), 1867. Medal of Honor, 1874. Medal for Sculpture and one of the eight Grand Medals of Honor (Exposition Universelle), 1878. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1855; Officer of the Same, 1867; Commander of the Same, 1878; Chevalier of the Order of the Red Eagle. Member of the Royal Academy, London. Professor in l'École des Beaux-Arts.*

*See list of*

No. 76

13700

L'ÉMINENCE GRISE.

29½ x 39.

There were two kings in France when Louis XIII. was young, and neither wore the crown. These unanointed monarchs were Armand Jean du Plessis, Cardinal Duc de Richelieu, and his strong right arm and brother brain, François Leclerc du Tremblay, otherwise Father Joseph of the Order of Capuchins. While Richelieu ruled France and swayed the destinies of Europe in the midst of the most magnificent ecclesiastical and worldly state, his ascetic confidant and prime minister passed through the great pages of history stern and severe as a spectre, conquering his victories with sandalled feet on the

steps of thrones, and with his rude friar's vestment carrying amid the gayety of frivolous courts the menace of an iron power.

François Leclerc du Tremblay was born of a good family in Paris in 1571. He received the amplest education of the time, and entered the army as a gentleman volunteer, serving in the campaigns as Baron de Maficé. His spirit was sober, and his temperament melancholy. Given to dreams of duty at variance with the light manners of the camp in a gallant age, he withdrew from the army, and entered the Order of Capuchins in 1599. He had become distinguished as a mission priest of fiery enthusiasm and enormous energy when Richelieu rose to power at court in 1614. His labors in the organization of missions to India and America brought him in contact with the Secretary of War and Foreign Affairs. Richelieu, with an eagle eye for men of his own intellectual stamp, recognized in this severe devotee also a statesman of broad views and comprehensive knowledge, and a diplomat of a shrewdness and ability second only to his own. To appreciate a man, with Richelieu, was to advance him. Father Joseph was set to the difficult task of healing the breach between Louis XIII. and his mother, in 1620. He succeeded. The Queen was restored to her position at court and Richelieu's influence laid on a solid foundation. In two years more the Secretary of War was made Cardinal, and in two more Minister of State. Father Joseph became his secretary and coadjutor. He was henceforth associated with Richelieu's greatest triumphs of statesmanship. It was Friar Joseph who secured from Rome the dispensation for the marriage of Henrietta of France to James I. of England in 1624, who brought about the dismissal of Wallenstein by Ferdinand II., who signed the peace of Ratisbonne in 1629, and who, as much as Richelieu himself, shaped the foreign policy which bred discord over all Europe to make France the stronger. Father Joseph died in 1638, after the Pope had granted him a Cardinal's hat but before he had time to wear it.

This is the homely and barefooted friar who in M. Gérôme's picture is descending the grand staircase of the Cardinal's palace, reading his breviary while the courtiers go cringing up on the other side. They bend servilely while his eye is on them, and turn upon him glances of hatred, scorn and fear,

when they have passed, while some high ecclesiastic, going up to seek an audience with the friend and colleague of this brooding priest and statesman, looks back at him with eyes of envy mingled with contempt. The pomp of the red Cardinal blazons itself in the splendid tapestry upon the staircase, where his arms glow and flash in crimson and gold. The might of the gray Cardinal is written in every line of his straight figure, from whose harsh vestment adulation and hatred alike recoil as from a suit of mail.

“ L'Éminence Grise ” was painted in 1874.

FORTUNY Y CARBO (MARIANO),

Deceased

*Born at R  us, in Catalonia, 1838. Died in Rome, 1874. Pupil of Palau, of Lorenzalez and of the Barcelona Academy, where he won the Prix de Rome in 1856. At Rome, which thenceforth became his residence, he studied Raphael and made sketches of Roman life. In 1859 he was sent to Morocco by the Government to paint the incidents of General Prim's campaign. In 1866 he went to Paris, and then to Madrid, where he remained three years studying the works of Velasquez, Ribera and Goya. His original style, correct drawing and fine color gained for him a great reputation, and the sale of the contents of his studio after his death brought 800,000 francs.*

No. 77

A SPANISH LADY

(UNE DAME ESPAGNOLE.)

53 x 39.

"Carmen est maigre,—un trait de bistre  
Cerne son   il de gitana,  
Ses cheveux sont d'un noir sinistre  
Sa peau, le diable la tanna."

TH  OPHILE GAUTIER.

A portrait of a beautiful Spanish woman of the higher rank and the pure Castilian type, painted in an erect position at three-quarter length and on the scale of life. The lady is looking forward with an expression of some gravity. She is dressed in a modern costume of rich black silk, with white



lace at the wrists and a white linen collar. The dress is confined at the front with coral buttons, and the left hand, on whose forefinger is a ring, is slightly lifting the skirt with a movement replete with quiet grace. The right hand toys with the antique and oddly designed gold chain of a lorgnon. The background is an indefinite gray green, strong but luminous, against which the black silk, shot with steely lights, is solidly relieved.

The story of this picture is in its way a romance; one of those romances, indeed, of which one hears much more in the history of art than one encounters in its actuality. Perhaps it is best told in the words of the late Mr. Edward Strahan in his "The Art Treasuries of America," from which the following is taken:

"The specimen of Fortuny is an important and a charming one. During his culminating, his wonderful years at Rome, the Spanish painter consented, as a caprice and experiment, to resume for one time the life-size scale of painting, a method he had not employed since his studies for the "Battle of Tetuan." The result is before us, a large portrait of the handsome wife of a Secretary of the Spanish Embassy at Rome. Fit for the proud portrait gallery of the Silvas, so elegantly recapitulated in "Hernani," this supreme *chef d'œuvre* is separated, perhaps forever, from the records of a family race to take its position as a work of pure art, and enjoy a lease of artistic life apart from the life of a haughty Castilian house. It will go down to posterity anonymous and famous, like some great Reynolds or Tintoretto. "The Lady with the Pince-Nez" will be its all-sufficient designation, as we mention the Titian of the Glove, or the Rembrandt with a Toque; for the family name, which has been mentioned to me, it is eminently unsuitable to publish under the circumstances."

It is of this same master-piece that Arsène Houssaye wrote in a letter:

"The same evening I saw, at the residence of your compatriot Mr. Stebbins, the only woman's portrait ever painted by Fortuny. It is the wife of a Spanish Secretary of Embassy at Rome. She is beautiful, but the painting is far more beautiful than she. Fortuny was Velasquez come to earth again. To think that this great genius, who held the secret of light in his hand, has been cast back into eternal night because the Roman fever passed by his studio! When will another Velasquez be born?"

The date of this picture is 1862.



## SCULPTURE.

TADOLINI (ADAM SCIPIONE), . . . Deceased

*Born at Bologna, 1789. Pupil of Canova, Professor of the Academy of Bologna. Among the works of this sculptor are "Venus and Love;" the "Rape of Ganymede," for Prince Esterhazy; the Tomb of Cardinal Laute, for the city of Bologna; statue of "St. Francis de Sales," for St. Peter's, at Rome, and a colossal "St. Michael," for the late Mr. Gardner Brewer, of Boston. Died, 1870.*

No. 78

### CUPID AND PSYCHE.

(CANOVA'S GROUP.)

EXECUTED BY CHEVALIER SCIPIONE TADOLINI, FROM THE ORIGINAL MODEL WHICH HE INHERITED FROM  
CANOVA.

Canova won his first success as a sculptor by his devotion to the severe style of the antique. He was at his best, however, in works like his "Cupid and Psyche," in which he mitigated the gravity of his ideal with a certain softness and grace of his own. This beautiful group was produced soon after he had completed his monument to Pope Clement XIV., and holds its place to this day at the head of his lighter imaginative works, showing as it does his delicate and masterly treatment of the marble and his poetry of sentiment at their best. Canova, who died in 1822, left, among other distinguished pupils, Professor Adam Scipione Tadolini, who became himself a sculptor of the highest merit. Professor Tadolini executed in the dimensions of the original a reproduction of his master's "Cupid and Psyche." The

amorous god is shown swooping down upon the lovelorn maiden with a graceful sinuousness of motion to his winged figure, while she greets him throwing herself backward into his arms with the motion of one just aroused from sleep. The figures are in the dimensions of the life and perfect in their repetition of the original. The character of the female figure is refined and tender, as befits the bride of the love god in whom the Greeks embodied the soul or spirit of mortality, while the Cupid has the refinement and youthful beauty belonging to the son of Jupiter and Venus, who,

“ Uncontrolled through heaven extends his sway,  
And gods and goddesses by turns obey.”

D'ÉPINAY (Count GEORGE PROSPER), . . . Paris

*Born in the Island of Mauritius, Africa. Pupil of Dautan. Legion of Honor, 1878. Hors Concours. Friend and companion of Fortuny.*

NO. 79

## SATYR.

"Satyrs of the woodland sort,  
Their ears pricked up, their noses short,  
With asses' hoofs, great goggle eyes,  
And double chins of monstrous size."

YALDEN.

Yalden draws a more exaggerated picture of the attendants of Silenus than the sculptor presents to us. But the sculptor is right in refining the follower of the Bacchanalian demi-god as he does. His type remains as characteristic, while it becomes more pleasing, and his "Satyr" is made a worthy companion to his spirited representation of the handmaiden of Bacchus himself, the merry Bacchante.

D'ÉPINAY (Count GEORGE PROSPER),

Paris

No. 80

BACCHANTE.

“ Jolly Bacchus, god of pleasure,  
Charmed the world with drink and dances.”

THOMAS PARNELL.

It is one of the priestesses of this merry deity whom the English poet sings that the sculptor breathes life into in the plastic image which his hands built up. He presents us with a worthy incarnation of the supporters of the gay god's shrine—a priestess whose vocation it is to promote her tutelary deity's pleasures, and whose religion consists in sharing with him in the gayeties with which he charms the world.





